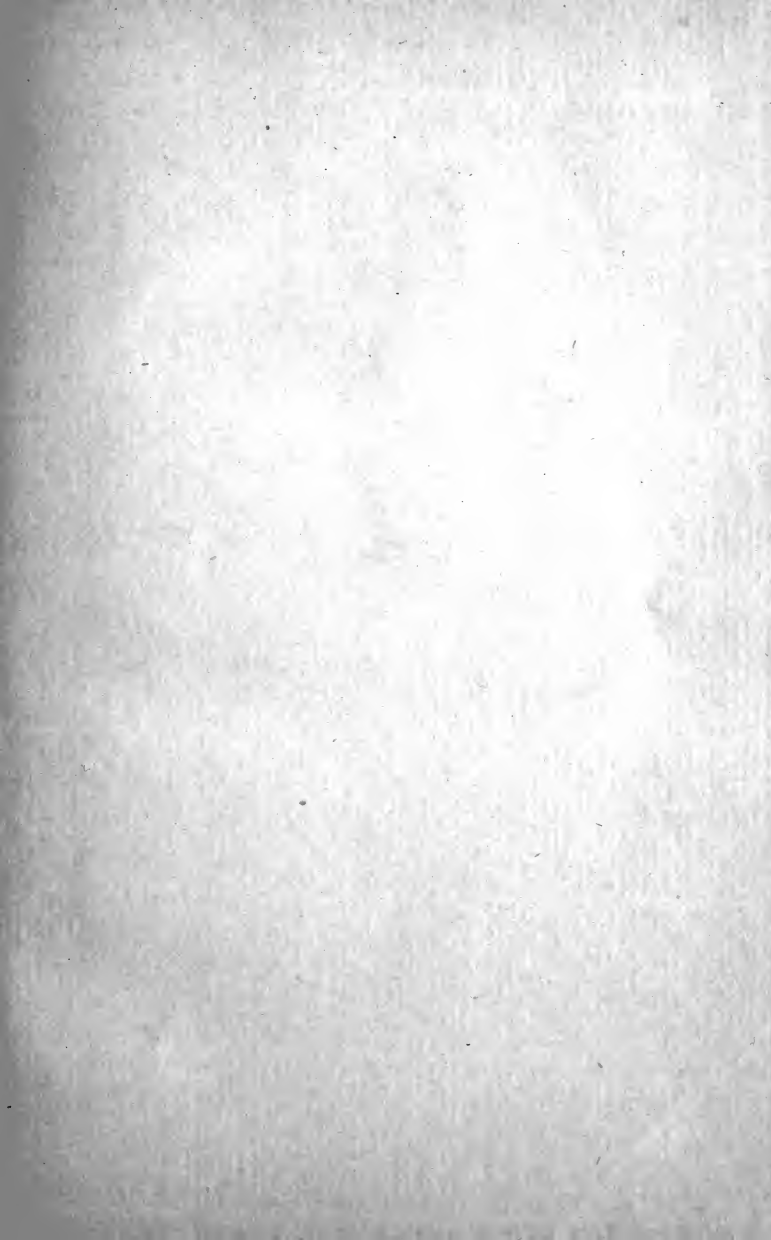


CT  
275  
S883  
A3







# HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

*BY*

CLARENCE B. STRUTHERS

*It*

---

PUBLISHED BY  
THE AUTHOR

CT275  
S883A3

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
MAR 22 1809	
Copyright Entry	
Nov. 27, 1908	
CLASS	XXC. No.
234338	
COPY B.	

COPYRIGHTED, 1908,

BY

CLARENCE B. STURMERS

5  
4  
3  
2  
1

Sept. 17, 1920

## PREFACE

---

The following story, with the exception of names and places, is absolutely true, and has been written with the hope that the reader may obtain benefit from the truths therein contained.

CLARENCE B. STROUD

CHICAGO, ILL., OCT. 23, 1908.





# HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

---

## CHAPTER I

I shall start this story by relating something of my own experience. I may say that I have traveled a good deal, and by so doing have come in contact, and gotten fairly well acquainted with hundreds of married couples, and it was the exception to see any that even seemed to get along without a certain amount of quarreling and fighting. As I am almost a peace-at-any-price man, and would do almost anything to avoid a quarrel, I was almost afraid to try matrimony, but in the course of time the right girl happened to come along, and, well, through sleight of hand, mesmerism or some kind of legerdemain, I was taken in, and woke up one day to find myself engaged. I was certainly scared. The ghosts of all the unhappily married people I had ever known came along and haunted me. If it hadn't have been for a fine sense of honor that I inherited from my mother, I believe I would

have skipped out. I was also too big a coward to do so. As I was in for matrimony whether or no, and as I wished to live peaceably if possible, I thought of the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." So I figured that the best way to prevent quarreling after marriage was to figure out some rules beforehand. The next time I saw my intended, I told her my troubles, and we forthwith organized a society for the prevention of domestic storms and squabbles, and the promotion of peace. In the first place, I gave her a history of my life, as near as I could remember it up to that time. Of course she had heard most of my life story before this, but at this time I made a clean breast of everything, good, bad and indifferent. I kept nothing back, as I wanted her to know just what kind of a character I was. I didn't intend to let her marry me with the idea that I was perfect, and then when she found out her mistake, which she surely would, declare that I had deceived her. As I had started the ball rolling by telling my story, she could do no less than follow my example, which she did. We then took a solemn vow that we would believe in each other under any and all circumstances. That we would not let anyone come between us or run the other half down in our hearing. We also agreed never to quarrel, and this is the way we arranged the matter.

I may say that my intended was very warm-hearted, affectionate, generous, unselfish, etc., etc., but, like most people of this kind, had also a very warm, *fiery* temper, which she hadn't under very good control. As for myself, I was not nearly as loving or unselfish—there are very few men who are overburdened with unselfishness—and although I had a temper of my own, I controlled it pretty well. The way we arranged about quarreling was that if one or the other should so far forget as to say anything cross, the other was to keep quiet, it didn't make any difference if they had to nearly bite off the tongue in doing so; say nothing and keep right on saying it. As we had promised to believe and have confidence in each other, under all circumstances, in order to make this easier, it was necessary to also agree to hide nothing from each other. The good book says "That they two shall be one flesh," and that is the way we looked at it. We knew that we loved each other above anyone else in the world, and on that account could not do or say anything to hurt each other without hurting ourselves the worst. In course of time I got an interest in what I thought was a good business, and as we were both old enough, thought we might as well get married, which we did. Now there are hundreds of people who are ready to propound theories to revolutionize

everything, from the taking care of babies to the administration of the governments of the world, but the trouble is that they are only theories and are not practical. So I have no doubt most of my readers will have said, "The foregoing is very beautiful, but will it stand the wear and tear of life. It may be all right when the sun is shining, but how about when the rainy season sets in?" Some will think of the old saying, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window." I have given you enough of theory, now for practice. We furnished a small flat on the installment plan, got married and started out to bear and forbear. Everything ran along all right for about a week; no clouds of any kind, nothing but perfect bliss, but there came one of those unlucky days that all housekeepers have experienced. You start out wrong. Get out of bed wrong foot forward, or something, and you seem to do the wrong thing all day. It was a rainy day to start with, and Jessie, this was my wife's name, got up with a bad headache. In getting breakfast she burned the toast. I hope you will pardon me, but right here I want to say that my wife was as fine a cook as I ever ran across. In fact, I always thought that she couldn't be beat, and that she could do everything she put her hand to better than any one else, and here is

something for the men to assimilate. I wasn't afraid to tell her that I thought so. There are none of us so old but what we enjoy praise, especially from those we love.

But to "continoo and resoome," as Josiah Allen's wife would say. Everything went wrong all day. She finally got out her washing all right, and was beginning to straighten up the house a little, when, happening to glance out of the window, noticed that the clothes line had parted and let about half of the clothes down in the dirt. There was nothing to do but fetch them in and wash the whole outfit over again. By this time, what with pain and misery, she was just about ready to give up the ghost and just leaving everything, threw herself on the bed and cried herself to sleep, not awakening until a few minutes before I came home. This was the last straw. She felt miserable enough as it was, but when she thought of my coming home, expecting to find a smiling little wife waiting just inside the door, ready to bestow a half dozen kisses on me, and then be led to a bountifully spread supper table, she just felt that I was bound to scold her, and did not think she could possibly stand it. Now this is what I did. I came home tired and out of sorts, but gradually worked a smile on my face as I neared home. Not finding Jessie on

opening the door, I went on out into the kitchen, and, well, I certainly did come very near saying something cross, but I took a second thought and didn't. They say that if a man comes home wet, cold and hungry and finds the house all upside down, no fire nor supper, and then keeps his temper, he is an angel. Well, I guess there is something in it, but, circumstances alter cases. I knew that my wife thought more of me than she did of herself, and whatever the reason for not having supper, she was feeling worse than I was. So, instead of noticing that there was anything wrong, I went right to her, and, although she tried to avoid me, I caught hold of her and gave her two or three kisses. At this she broke down entirely. Leading her to a seat, I took her in my arms and after having her cry out I got her to tell me all about it. I then made her lie down on the sofa while I got something to eat. And I made her play lady while I washed the dishes and straightened things up a little.

Now, I have no doubt that a great number of people will say that I was a fool, or at least mighty soft, that I should have shown my authority, or that way of acting would spoil most women. Well, we will see how much I lost. Do you think Jessie thought less of me? That on the morrow she said, "Oh, I'll not bother particularly about getting up a

fancy supper, as my husband is good natured and will not say anything anyway?" No, you can be sure that if she loved me before, she just loved me that much more. And what noble deed had I done in order to gain this additional affection? Done an enemy a favor? No; but I had just performed my simple duty toward the one being whom I had promised to love, cherish and protect. Everything went along all right for a while after this, as far as the home was concerned, but not so as regards the business. This had been misrepresented to me by a supposed friend, and it didn't take me long to find it out. I was up against it good and strong, but, like a good many others, I held on, hoping against hope, but finally, within three months of our marriage, in order to come out clear, I had to pull out. When I got everything straightened out all I had in the world was about twenty-five dollars and a quantity of unpaid-for furniture.

This was the time when I found out what a treasure a good wife was. Instead of blaming me for being foolish or gullible, it was "You poor boy; oh, how sorry I am for you." She wasn't sorry for herself; it was all poor me; I was the one that had to suffer, not her. And, instead of sitting down and bemoaning her fate, insisted on going out to work, and in a few days I also found work. For the next three months both of us

worked very hard, but, as we were away from each other all day, and had to put up with all kinds of slights, snubs and petty annoyances, that much more did we appreciate our home and each other when our day's work was finished. I generally called for Jessie, where she was working, and we went home together. And after a few kisses and hugs, there was a race to see how quick we could get supper. The "we" in this case was not the same as in the story of "How Betsy and I killed the bear." Jessie was cook, and I acted as "flunky," general utility girl. I made the fire, peeled the potatoes, swept up, washed the dishes and set the table, while Jessie concocted some fancy dishes, and she certainly knew how to do it. And the most wonderful thing about this was that, although we were both so tired, most of the time, before coming home, that we didn't feel as if we could lift a hand to do another thing, by the time we got through our home work, we felt as fresh as larks. Queer, wasn't it? At the end of three months of this, Jessie persuaded me to pull up stakes and go south, into a cotton growing state. She was raised in the sunny south, and loved the country. Of my many mistakes and blunders, this move to the South was the most foolish. In the first place, I hadn't money enough to do anything with, and, in the second, I didn't know any-



thing about the country or the people. Well, we started out like a couple of children going to a picnic, and, well, we had a picnic. They say that "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The people who lived in the section where we landed were certainly a part of the other half all right.

My wife, when a small girl, had known a family who were fairly well to do, and we proceeded to hunt them up. They lived about two miles from the town. This is a description of the house: It was about 14x18, with a lean-to, which was used for a bedroom. It was built of small logs, chinked with mud, and there were about a dozen places where the mud had fallen off, which let in the light. The floor was made of split logs. There was a fire place and the chimney was built of small logs, daubed inside with mud. There was only one small window. The door of the main part was destitute of hardware, having a wooden latch with a leather string attached. An old man about 55 and his 50-year-old wife comprised the family. They had been fairly well off at one time, but the wife had a lot of lazy relatives who had sponged on the husband, who was about the best hearted man I ever knew. At this time they were poorer than the proverbial "church mice." Jessie and I stayed with them over night. For supper we had corn bread, molasses

and coffee without either sugar or cream, and for breakfast, as a change, we had coffee, molasses and corn bread. They told us of a man living a few miles away who owned considerable land and who would probably rent us some. So after breakfast we started out and tramped four miles to this man's abode, as there weren't any street cars in this section of the country. This man, whom I will call "Jed Williams," had a palatial residence for that part of the country. Having a large family, there were four or five rooms, and, as an especial luxury, they employed a stove for cooking purposes, instead of a fireplace. Shortly after our arrival dinner was announced, and I will never forget the expression Mr. Williams used when we were nicely seated at the table. He said, "Pitch in and help yourselves. We haven't very much, but what we have is powerful good." Jessie and I exchanged glances, but said nothing. The dinner consisted of the greasiest kind of fat pork, sweet potatoes, corn bread and straight coffee, that is, without sugar or cream. No butter, mind you. After dinner, we made a bargain with this man and rented a plot of land containing about ten acres, which had a small cabin upon it. The next day Mr. Williams lent us a team and wagon and we went to town, which was about four miles away, and laid out a large share of our scanty savings on

indispensable household treasures, also some provisions. We also got a cow and calf from Mr. Williams, agreeing to pay \$30 for same, and paying \$15 on account. The date was about the first of March, and as they don't start plowing until about the twentieth in that country, all we had to do for the next three weeks was to lead the "simple life," and that is certainly what it was. Our house consisted of wood shed, kitchen, dining room, parlor, library, bed rooms, etc., etc., all in one room. It was a very simple arrangement, and saved both of us a good many extra steps. All we had to do in order to get from the wood shed to the parlor was to stay where we were and let the imagination do the walking back and forth. It was a very easy chore cutting the wood and getting our simple meals. Wood didn't cost anything; dead trees were lying down all around us, and all I had to do was to cut them up into suitable lengths. As it only took something less than a cord a day to keep the insatiable monster of a fireplace going, this was easy. I wonder if any who may read this have ever cooked on an old-fashioned fireplace, or waited for a meal to materialize. If you have, all I can say is that you have certainly lived. Your life has not been a humdrum round of monotony. For those who have never had this beatific pleasure, I shall describe its de-

lights. We will say that you are the lady of the house and intend to get up a course dinner, the same to be ready punctually at noon, that being any time before 3 o'clock. In the first place, about eight in the morning you start the fire of light pine, then pile on five or six oak logs, provided you are lucky enough to have them. In about three hours, or when the wood has burned away to a bed of coals, the cook can start operations. For baking corn bread or biscuits she would use a receptacle like a frying pan, only larger, deeper and possessing a cover. She would have her biscuits or corn bread mixed up, all ready in the pan and when the fire is just right, on goes the pan. If sweet potatoes were on hand, these would be placed in the ashes. If the roasted or "parched coffee," as they call it, is all finished, it will be necessary to parch some more, which is a very simple and pleasant occupation, as when you have finished you will be lucky if your face and hands are not blistered and your eyebrows and lashes are intact. At last the meal will be ready, and the great feast, consisting of corn bread, sweet potatoes and coffee will be piled upon the groaning table.

The novelty of this work and being continually together kept us from complaining until the time came for us to begin active operations. At last hearing

from Mr. Williams that it was time to start, I went over to his place, brought home a mule that I was to plow with. I was to have the use of this animal all summer, and, in lieu of rent, was to pay Mr. Williams one bale of cotton. I was also required to furnish the feed for said mule. The next morning, attaching the beast to a plow, I started out. As I had lived on a farm in the North when a boy, I thought I knew something about farming. But I might just as well have been a "London cockney" as far as my previous experience benefited me at this time. I had just made a kind of a start when Mr. Williams came along and stopped me. After talking the matter over, we agreed that we had better change work. He came over with five outfits and helped me a few days, and then I went over to his place and helped him. This meant that I was away from home most of the time. I got up at four in the morning, rustled a cold bite for myself and then walked two and a half miles to Mr. Williams', started plowing as soon as I got there, and kept at it till noon. I would have my dinner there, but in the afternoon, after working until about seven, I went home for supper. I used to be so tired that half of the time I didn't feel like eating anything. The land we were plowing had only been cleared of trees three years before, and was literally covered

with stumps. Anyone who has ever plowed among stumps will know something about the "strenuous life" that I was putting in. If it was hard on me, it was that much harder on Jessie. She was so supremely unselfish that it nearly annihilated her for me to be working like a dog and she not able to help in any way. She wasn't much like a few women whom I have known. Thank goodness, I have only known a few who would let a man work himself to death for them and then blame him afterwards for not carrying more insurance. She, of course, blamed herself for getting me to come to such a God-forsaken country. If we had been together all the time it wouldn't have been so bad, but she had the whole day to herself, not much to do but think, and she got so blue that the next thing would be that she would be down sick. When I finally showed her that she was only making it harder for me, that as long as we had each other we were rich. I could also work twice as hard and take pleasure in it if I could carry the thought with me that when I finished my day's work she would meet me with smiles and kisses. If all married women only realized this, how much more happiness this old world would contain. My dear madam, whoever you may be, try it sometime. When your husband comes home at night, instead of telling

about all the mean things the neighbors have done or the hard time you have had trying to catch up with your work, meet him with a smile, your best company smile and manner, have a good supper ready. There is nothing goes farther with the ordinary man. Show in as many ways as only a woman can when she wants to, how much you think of him, how you appreciate all his goodness, etc., etc., and you will be surprised to see how much good it will do both of you.

## CHAPTER II

But I am wandering from my subject. I continued to work right along until the land was all plowed and the cotton planted. As the majority who may read this will, in all probability, never have seen a cotton field, I shall drop my story for awhile in order to give some information regarding this king of plants. In the first place the land is plowed in what I would call narrow lands. That is, there is a furrow about every six feet. After plowing, if there are not many stumps, a harrow about six feet wide is run over the plowed ground. A shallow furrow is then made in the center of each land, in which the seed is planted. The seeds are about the size of a Lima bean and have a very thin shell which is covered with cotton. A week after the seed is planted, as a general rule, a three or four leaved plant will have appeared. It is then "barred off," and this is certainly a scientific operation. A plow is run on each side of the row of plants, throwing the dirt from them, just leaving a narrow strip about six inches wide. Then it has to be "hoed to a stand." Which means chopping out most of the



plants and leaving one about every two feet. After this is finished the next operation is "plowing to," which means throwing the dirt back towards the plants without covering them up. It is then hoed again. From that on until the first of August it is a continual repetition of plowing and hoeing. It is then "laid by." That is, it is finally left to shift for itself. About the first of September the picking season starts. It is generally the 15th of November before it is all harvested. When picked it is taken to the gins, where the seed is separated from the cotton and the latter is put in bales, which are made small and compact by hydraulic pressure. It is then ready for shipment. About the time we got through planting, our groceries began to get low, and as I didn't have very much ready money and it would be a long time before I could obtain any more, I concluded to go to town and see about getting supplies on credit. I made connections all right, but had to agree that my wife and I would sign what was known in that country as a "deed and trust." Which is like what in this country would be called a chattel mortgage. The next day we signed the instrument, which was formidable enough. In it we practically pawned our crop, also the interest we had in the cow and calf.

As I was just about played out when the planting

was finished and had paid back Mr. Williams for the work done for me, I was resting up a few days, before starting on the "barring off" job, when one morning who should come along but Mr. Williams, accompanied by his wife, and right there was when he started to show the cloven hoof. He first asked me why I hadn't been over helping him. I told him that I considered that I had earned a few days' rest, and as I had paid him back, with a couple of days to spare, I didn't think it was necessary to go over. I also told him I intended to do the rest of my work without his help, as I was tired of tramping back and forth (it was two and a half miles between the places), and I wanted to be at home as much as possible. On my telling him this he flew into a rage and the same as told me that he owned my wife and me body and soul. He had heard about my going to the merchant and getting credit, and as he would have liked to have furnished what I needed himself and gotten more of a rake-off than even the merchant would, naturally he was somewhat put out about it. He told me that I had no business to go to the merchant without consulting him first; that if, for any reason, the crop didn't turn out all right the merchant could come on him for what I owed, and that if I didn't work for him just when he wanted me to and do just what he

wanted me to do, he would make it a point to see that I didn't get any supplies at all. As I was in a strange country, where it would have been as hard to obtain money as on a desert island, I had to make the best of a bad bargain for the time being anyway and agree to Mr. Williams' proposition.

About this time we heard that a brother of Jessie's, whom she thought was dead, was living, only about one hundred miles from us. In fact, he came to see this man Williams, whom he had known a few years before. He also came to see us, and certainly received a royal welcome, Jessie not being able to do enough for him. As for myself, I felt a repugnance for him from the first, although I didn't tell Jessie about it. To me he acted like, and had the appearance of a low-down scoundrel, and if he hadn't been my brother-in-law I wouldn't have trusted him under any circumstances.

Jessie told him all about how Mr. Williams was using us, and after hearing all the circumstances of the case advised us to just get up and leave the place, crop and all, and then went on to tell us what a low-down scoundrel and villain Mr. Williams was. How he would leave our gates open and drive cattle in on the crop and that he would bother us in a hundred different ways, in order to get us off the place. He

also told us that he was working about thirty acres of cotton, which was a good-sized tract of land in that country, and if we came over to him he would give me a chance on some of his land. As I have before stated, I didn't like his looks, but I never imagined there was a man living, and especially my brother-in-law, who could be such a miserable, low-down scoundrel as this man proved to be. He intended going home in a few days, and if we didn't get our difficulties adjusted shortly, advised us to strike for his place.

About a week after this, on coming home from work one night, I found Jessie in a hysterical condition. After a time I managed to get her quieted down, and in the end finally found out the trouble. Mr. Williams had been there that day and had made an indecent proposal to her.

When I heard this, naturally, I was furious and wanted to go right after the scoundrel, but Jessie wouldn't hear to this, being sure that he would shoot or kill me in some manner. All she wanted to do was to get away somewhere. Right here I have no doubt some of my readers will exclaim, "Wasn't there any law in the land?" My dear reader, of course there were laws, just the same as there are laws in this grand and glorious state, but how many good refined ladies of the City of Chicago. if they were in-

sulted by some miserable brute, would care to go into one of the city's police courts and prosecute him. As Jessie just wouldn't stay there any longer, the next morning we got ready and went to the people whom we had stayed with on our arrival in the country. But before leaving I took the cow and calf over to a neighbor's, who was a lone widow woman, and left same in her care, charging her not to give them up to anyone. She promised to look after them until we returned. On arriving at our friends' place and talking over matters, we agreed that the best plan was for me to go to Jessie's brother's place and find out if it would be all right to move. If so we could sell our belongings for what they would bring and move over. But my wife wouldn't hear to this. Her nerves had gone to pieces, and she was sure that if she let me go alone she would never set eyes on me again. That I would be murdered or something would surely happen to me. She just couldn't stand it for me to leave her at all. I had about money enough left to take us to the town nearest to her brother's ranch.

The next afternoon the man of the house, whom we will call "Reuben Jones," which by the way, was his proper name, borrowed a team and wagon of his landlord, loaded up some small pigs, which he purposed selling, Jessie and I got aboard, and after traveling

all day, we camped that night on the outskirts of a large town, being twenty-five miles nearer our destination. We camped there over night and next morning, after an early campfire breakfast, bidding our kind friend good-by, we went into the city and down to the river, which was the great Mississippi, crossed on a ferry, went to the railroad station and took the train for our new home.

We reached our destination about 11 o'clock and found that it was about two miles to our brother's. So we started out and walked; on arriving we found out that the dearly beloved brother was married and both he and his wife lived with her folks. We were also told that the brother, whose name was Paul, was back in the woods somewhere doing some work, and it wasn't certain if he would be back before night. I must say that it took some courage on my part to keep from going to pieces entirely, more so as I could see that Jessie was about ready to break down. She was so very affectionate herself, and when she saw how brutally her brother had deceived us it just about broke her heart.

Dear reader, if you are of a tender, affectionate disposition and have ever been tricked and deceived by a relative, one whom you would have done anything for, you will appreciate how Jessie and I felt, as we

had both the same characteristics in this regard. It wouldn't make you very angry, you would just have a desperately hurt feeling. As last Jessie says: "Honey, let us go." I may say that we had bestowed this appellation on each other shortly after coming South, and although in speaking to or about me she sometimes used my proper name, I never afterwards called her by any other name. In speaking of her to others, I said "My wife." This, to a great many, will appear very soft, but I have no doubt some of my readers know what true love is and to them it will seem all right.

I told Jessie to stay in the house a while, and that I would go back in the bush and see if I could find her brother, as I didn't want to leave before seeing him and getting an explanation and finding out what he meant by deceiving us as he had. Jessie agreed to wait and I started out to hunt him up. After about an hour's search I gave up and came back to the house. When I got back Paul and his father-in-law had just come from another direction. While I was some distance away Paul sneaked out of sight and left the father-in-law to do the honors. In a few words he told me what a worthless character Paul was. That he didn't have a dollar to his name, that he had shamelessly lied to us, not having any interest

in a foot of land. I went into the house and told Jessie what I had found out, and after listening to my tale she wanted to leave the place at once. The women folks asked us to stay for dinner, but Jessie, declaring that food eaten in that house would choke her, insisted on leaving at once.

We went back to the railroad track, which was about half a mile, and then sat down to talk over our present condition, which was certainly desperate enough. We had \$1.25 on hand, which would carry one of us by rail about 40 miles of the 100 which lay between us and the only home we had. If I had been alone it wouldn't have bothered me very much, but there was poor Jessie, almost in a state of collapse, sick, both in mind and body. What was I to do for her? I said that I thought that the best thing to do would be to walk down the track until we came to a large plantation and go to the house and see if food and shelter could be obtained until the next morning and I might be able to get work enough to earn the price of our return fare.

After tramping about a mile a good sized house was sighted, and on going to it the man of the place was found at home. I proceeded to tell him part of our story, and when I had concluded he invited us into the house, and, calling his wife, asked her to



get us something to eat. When I asked him about employment he said that he had nothing for me to do. The lady of the house treated Jessie very coldly, scarcely condescending to address her at all. Isn't it wonderful how full of the milk of human kindness a large number of people are? Supposedly good people, mind you, Christians and church members. How many people there are who will shed great quantities of tears and contribute money after listening to a story of the famine-stricken people of India, and would not turn over their hands to help the needy who are all around them, and would turn a daughter, their own flesh and blood, out of doors if she loved some miserable cur of a man to her hurt.

Well, we ate our dinner, thanked the man and his wife and took our departure. When out of sight of the house Jessie just threw herself on the ground and burst into tears. I let her have her cry out. Indeed it was all I could do to keep from joining her. She kept saying over and over to herself: "Oh, that horrid woman." "She made me feel that she thought I was worse than a nigger."

Finally, after considerable kissing, petting and babying of her, I got her calmed down a little. I then told her what we each of us had occasion many times in the future to tell the other. As long as we loved

and had confidence in each other we were an army and could defy the world, and how much happier any married couple would be if they would always keep this in mind.

At last, as we were both young, we began to find a bright side to the picture and could see where our present plight could be worse. We couldn't freeze and were not likely to starve and could walk the whole hundred miles if it was necessary. So we pulled ourselves together and plodded on. I had a railroad time table, and in looking over it discovered that there was a town about midway of the eighty miles, which completed the first stage of the journey. Jessie was sure she could walk this forty miles and then she could get a ticket with the money we had on hand for the remaining forty. It was about 4 o'clock at this time and we were about five miles on our way. As we had eaten a good dinner and rested up a little we were in fair condition for a tramp, and by dark had traveled about twelve miles. As I had a horror of going to any more houses, and as Jessie kept remarking that she wasn't hungry, we didn't get any supper.

At last when it was quite dark, as we were approaching a small stream, I espied what appeared to be a deserted cabin. On rapping on the door and receiving no answer, I went in, discovering as I had surmised

that it was uninhabited. We concluded, as it had a roof and floor, that we had better camp there for the night. As there was no bed of any kind we had to sleep on the floor. Finding some old papers, we spread these on the floor, and, using our coats for pillows, our bed was made. After lying down, as we were very tired, hard as the bed was, we were soon fast asleep. I woke up about 4 o'clock, shivering with the cold. As Jessie was still asleep, I covered her with my coat and went outside, making as little noise as possible. After running around the house a few times my blood began to circulate a little better and I was soon nice and warm. At six, awakening Jessie, we performed our ablutions at the stream, using handkerchiefs for towels.

We then started tramping once more. I insisted that we would have to stop some place and procure something to eat and at last Jessie agreed that we would stop at some negro cabin.

Any of my readers who may have lived in the South or come in contact with southern people and know how strict the line is drawn between white and black will appreciate what a concession this was on Jessie's part, but the pangs of hunger have a tendency to weaken pride. Finally, after jogging along for a time, we came to what looked like the cabin of fairly prosperous people.

Going to the door I was fortunate in finding the man of the house at home and it didn't take me long to make him acquainted with our plight. After expressing sorrow for our plight he invited us in, saying that we were welcome to what they had, such as it was, and we certainly never tasted anything better than the corn bread, molasses and coffee with which we were served. After resting a short time we thanked the good people and started on afresh.

Isn't it wonderful the difference there is in your perspective when you were at the point of starvation and have just finished a bountiful repast. We both felt as if we could conquer the world. It is very hard to make youth look on the dark side for any length of time.

About 1 o'clock we came to a good sized town, situated on a large river, and found out that they were having a celebration. A couple of hundred negroes had chartered a steamer and had come down the river bent on having a good time. The most of them were in some big sheds near the railroad station, some eating and drinking, others dancing, and still others just moving around looking for trouble.

We had barely passed the sheds before a fight had started. We were first apprised of this by hearing the report of a gun, and this was the beginning of a reg-

ular fusilade. Taking Jessie by the arm, I hustled for the station as hard as I could travel, which we reached without mishap, although I had to carry Jessie part of the way, as the excitement was too much for her, and she had fainted. In a few minutes the fight was over. One negro had been badly wounded and several others had been scratched up a little. After Jessie had recovered from her fainting spell we rested up awhile and then trudged on.

As we were starting I told Jessie that as soon as we were a mile or so from the town I would go to another negro cabin and see if I couldn't get something for the inner man. About a mile out of town we came opposite a fair sized cabin, which I approached. An old mammy came to the door and on my telling my little story she invited us in, and in a short time a meal fit for an epicure was dished up. The piece de resistance was a kind of soup made from green beans in the pod, and flanking this were biscuits, and—just think of it!—butter, real cow's butter. Also coffee with milk in it. When we had finished this plenteous repast we felt like "bloated plutocrats." After resting a short time I gave the word to "forward march," and after kindly thanking the old mammy and taking her name for future reference we toddled on.

And it wasn't much more than a toddle as far as Jessie was concerned, as her shoes, being very thin soled, had blistered her feet, and it took all the courage I could muster to keep her spirits up so that she wouldn't break down entirely. The walk itself was nothing to me, as I have walked over forty miles in a day at least a dozen times. But it was certainly a terrible task for a poor, weak woman. When we started in the morning there were twenty-three miles ahead of us, and Jessie had said she would walk that by night or "bust." Well, she made it all right, but almost at the expense of the last particle of strength she had. I almost the same as carried her the last few miles. Any of you who have loved ones who have been suffering and all you have been able to do was to stand dumbly by and see them suffer will appreciate how I felt at this time.

## CHAPTER III

About 8 o'clock we landed at our destination, which was nothing but a flag station, and a bare half dozen houses comprised the village. Without consulting Jessie I had determined that she, at least, would sleep in a bed if I had to take forcible possession of one. Her suffering condition made me desperate and I had no pride or any other kind of scruples left, nothing but compassion for her. Leaving Jessie in the small station, I struck out and, marching up to the first house I came to, knocked for admittance, and, the lady of the house coming to the door, I poured my tale of woe into her sympathetic ears. There were tears in her eyes, as well as in mine, when I had finished. She sent me right after Jessie, and while I was gone got a foot-bath ready, also liniment, poultices, etc., and when I presented Jessie took her into her motherly arms and crooned over her the same as if she were a baby. After bathing and doctoring Jessie's feet, she fitted her with a pair of easy slippers. We then sat down to the finest meal we had all the time we were in the country. That is, it seemed

the best to us, anyway. The lady of the house was a widow with two daughters, who were still in their teens. The widow owned a small plantation, from which a fair living was eked out for them all, but with very little to spare. She almost insisted on giving me a small sum of money, saying that I could, at least, take enough to carry us to the end of our railroad journey, and if I wouldn't accept it as a gift I could return it when times got better with me. But I wouldn't accept the money, as, although I didn't tell Jessie, to me it looked as if times would never improve. I almost made up my mind that I was a failure, and if I could have taken a look into the future I would have been sure of it. Thank God that we are unable to see what is ahead of us, as if we could, I am afraid some of us would give up the ghost before our time. After a good night's rest in a comfortable bed and a splendid breakfast in the morning, I struck out to put forty miles behind me before night. It was agreed between us that Jessie would board the train, which was due at 4 p. m., and on its arrival at the terminal station she would go inside and if I was not already there wait until I turned up. There was an affecting parting between us, almost the same as if I was going to the ends of the earth. She could hardly let me go, as there had been so many things happen-



ing that she was sure that we would never meet again in this world. I comforted her the best I knew how, and after thanking the folks again and again for their kindness and being loaded down with a good, substantial lunch, I hit the trail once more. Nothing of consequence happened that day, and, being, as before mentioned, a splendid pedestrian, I pulled into our meeting place about 7:30. Without paying any attention to the people standing around, on catching sight of me, Jessie rushed forward and, throwing herself into my arms, for all of ten minutes laughed and cried, petted and babied me until we were both nearly played out. I have no doubt there are plenty of married people who will not be able to see how any sane folks could be as foolish as we were. But let one of those same couples be parted for a time and let one of them hear that the other has been badly hurt and find out that it was a mistake. If, when they meet again, they don't act a little foolish, all I can say is that I wouldn't care to be either of them. After helping Jessie demolish a lunch that the good people had provided for her, we went to the river and crossed on a ferry boat.

Mrs. Jones had an old maid sister living in the town whom we expected to stay with over night. Hunting up the place where she lived, the door was found

to be locked, and on making inquiries of a neighbor we received the pleasing information that she had gone to the country. We were certainly up against it again in good shape. There we were in a strange town without money, and night setting in. Our condition not being pitiable enough, it began to rain. I wanted to ask for shelter at one of the houses, but Jessie would not hear to that, so we started to walk out of the city. The rain kept coming down and we were both soon wet through. It was also getting darker every minute and the mud more sticky. When we were about a mile outside the city limits Jessie sank down exhausted, declaring she could go no farther, and that she just wanted to die and be through with her troubles. It was up to me to baby her and tell her over and over how I couldn't possibly spare her yet. I finally managed to get her onto her feet and by supporting and half carrying her managed to get along a little farther, when we came to a house. The inmates were in bed, but after rapping loudly a couple of minutes an old negro appeared at the door. I told him about how we were situated and he afterwards invited us in. The old mammy got up and fixed us a bed. We were also provided with some dry clothes, a fire was made and our wet ones were hung up to dry. The next morning, on awakening, we both

felt as if every bone in our bodies were broken. At last we managed to arise and get into our clothes, which, thanks to the kindness of our hosts, were now perfectly dry. After breakfast we took leave of our "good samaritans," promising not to forget them when our ship came in. The last stage of our journey, about eighteen miles, was ahead of us, but that seemed a mere bagatelle when we thought what we had already endured. But I must hasten on. I shall just say that we stopped at another cabin and had some dinner, and that we reached our friends' place in time for supper. Jessie and Mrs. Jones were soon locked in each other's arms. When they heard our story and thought of the desperate time we had, words contemptible enough could not be found to express their opinion of our dear brother. The next morning we started out to see how our belongings were. On our arrival we found that some one had taken possession of every piece of house gear that we had. On going to the widow's, with whom we had left the cow and calf, we were told that Mr. Williams, accompanied by a constable, had appeared the very day we started for the brother's and taken the cow and calf, also the household truck, and had left a notice with her to give us, provided we returned in time, to appear before a certain justice of the peace on the following

Thursday. We had thought ourselves in hard luck before, but we then saw how bad could be made worse. Jessie just wanted to let everything go and return to the city on the Mississippi, which we will call Nestor, and go to work in the cotton mills, but I wouldn't hear to this, as I knew what miserable drudgery it was, and I figured we should sink or swim together if possible. We then went back to our friends, the Jones, and after a family consultation it was finally agreed that we would stay with them until the trial came off, and then, which ever way it went, money or not, I would make the best of my way north to Minnesota, where I had lived as a boy, and as there was a prospect for a splendid crop and good wages would be paid, I could soon earn enough to send for her. At last the day of trial dawned, and, accompanied by Jessie, Mr. Jones and his wife, I went to the slaughter. Right here I had better tell something about the inhabitants of that particular corner of the globe. In the first place, as I have before stated, the majority were very poor and as ignorant as it is possible for human beings to be. They all looked on me as an outsider, and, though there were a few who would not have cast a stone in my way, still there were none who would raise a hand to stop anyone else from doing so. The men, without one exception, "packed a gun" of some de-

scription, and used it on the least provocation. There was never a picnic or public celebration of any kind but what more or less were injured by knife or gun. Mr. Williams claimed that he heard I was going to leave the state and take my possessions with me and he had seized my belongings in order to secure himself. The merchant had put in a bill for nine dollars, four for groceries and five for having "deed and trust papers" drawn up. I had worked and toiled for six long weeks, which Williams got the benefit of. He also had the \$15 I had paid on account for the cow. The case, of course, went against me. "I was a stranger and they took me in." After the trial was ended Mr. Williams started quarreling with me and before I had any notion of his intention struck me in the face, knocking me down. As I was getting to my feet he drew a gun and if Jessie hadn't jumped in between us in all probability would have shot me there and then. Between them Jessie and Mr. Jones got me home and to bed, for I was completely used up. The next morning I was too sick to get up. All the worry and trouble had finally got the best of me. I was in bed three weeks with a kind of malarial fever. This was when Jessie showed what kind of stuff she was made of. As long as I was strong and able she would give up very easily, but when I was down she was as

brave as a lion and as strong as a horse. She was my inseparable nurse, grudging herself the few hours of sleep each day which Mrs. Jones almost compelled her to take. Words fail me to describe the wealth of love and affection that was showered on me during my illness. I am sure that her intense love was the only thing that kept me from drifting away at that time. At last I was able to sit up and at the end of five weeks I could get around all right, although very weak. On two occasions while away to the spring for water (the spring was about forty rods from the house), Jessie was sure she had seen the man Williams in hiding. Immediately behind the house there was a thick woods, and one day as I was taking a constitutional, not being more than twenty rods from the cabin, I felt something whizz by close to my head and immediately afterward there was the report of a gun. I ran toward the smoke, but could see nothing of my assailant. Jessie was in a terrible way. She heard the report of the gun and came running out of the house expecting to find my dead body. When she found out that I was uninjured the reaction from terror to joy was too much, and she fainted away. For the rest of the day she lay in my arms like a big baby. After that, while I was there, she would hardly allow me away from the house unless she was along. She

said that if I was killed she wanted to die at the same time, and I am sure she meant it, too. Finally, although very weak, I was well enough to make a move, and so one day I took my wedding suit and a good overcoat, and, accompanied by Jessie as a bodyguard, went to town to see if I could raise some money on the clothes. I finally put them up for ten dollars, and the next morning I started out.

At this point I may say that I had been "up against it" before and had learned how to ride on freight trains, "blind baggages," etc. I gave Jessie five dollars and kept the other five dollars to carry me over 1,500 miles. The next morning when it came time for me to make a break it didn't seem as if Jessie could let me go. We had gone through so much together that it didn't seem as if any two people alive could be as much to each other as we were. When I think of the terrible suffering we both experienced at this time, and think of the thousands of couples that, to an outsider at least, don't seem to care a pin for each other, I fully realize what a beautiful thing true love is. But as everything must end some time, I at last got away. I intended to walk about eighteen miles to a good sized town, where there was a junction of two railroads. There were two reasons for this. Firstly, I did not care to be

seen jumping a train in the nearby town where I was known. Secondly, the place where I was going being a division town, I had a better chance to make a start. Those eighteen miles seemed longer than any other miles I had ever walked. If there had been some one with me it wouldn't have been so bad, but having no one to talk to, and having plenty of time for thought, everything Jessie and I had been through seemed to be whizzing through my mind, like a moving picture. I thought of the agonized look that was on her face when I left. I imagined a hundred horrible things that might happen to her. This kept up until I just thought my poor head would go to pieces. I tried to think of something more cheerful, but it was impossible. Finally, more dead than alive, I reached the town. After eating a lunch, which I had along, I made some inquiries regarding the departure of trains, and found out that there was nothing due to leave before 7 p. m. As it was then only 3 p. m. I had four long hours to wait. I wandered all over the town, hither and thither, trying to get away from my thoughts, but it was impossible to do so. At last I drifted out into the country, following along the river until coming to what seemed a secluded spot I concluded to have a swim. When I had finished, after dressing, I looked at an old watch I was carrying and



found that it was 6 o'clock. As I was sitting on the bank something seemed to knock on the door of my brain, and tell me that Jessie was being abducted, with that something seemed to burst in my head and I knew no more for three days. About 10 o'clock that night I burst in to Mr. Jones, sobbing and crying, and saying over and over: "I won't let them take little Honey." The folks finally got me quieted down and put to bed. The next morning, on awakening, I was just the same as a child, not appearing to be conscious of anything. I was in this condition for three days. At the end of that time I suddenly recovered. I then told them what had happened to me, and of course Jessie blamed herself for not putting on a braver front when I was leaving. After another couple of days' rest I made another start, and this time my little soldier was as brave as a lion. There was a smile on her face as she patted me on the arm and told me to keep thinking how fine it would be when I got a start in the North and could send for her. This time I got away all right and that night I was snugly ensconced in a box car on my way north. The second morning afterwards I landed in Memphis, Tenn. The following night I caught another freight, landing in Paducah, Kentucky the next afternoon. At this time the police of this place were arresting every "hobo,"

as they called them, whom they caught in the town. My fear of being arrested was my only trouble. In fact, I was in constant dread of this, as men were farmed out in that country and might be kept for six months before they could get away. I stayed around the station for a couple of hours until I noticed that a caboose and engine had been attached to a string of cars, and then concluded that it was time for me to hunt up an empty and get inside, the which I proceeded to do. A few minutes afterward two negroes got in the car with me. Shortly after this the engine began shunting some of the cars back and forth, ours among them. On the road every one is equal. There is no higher aristocracy. So I struck up a conversation with the two negroes and they gave me the pleasing information that over thirty men had been arrested earlier in the day. My hair began to feel very stiff, chills ran up and down my back and I was in a bad way "for sure," as a darky would say. At last one of the men, who was looking out of the side door, suddenly shouted: "Look out for the 'bull' (policeman); he is only a couple of car lengths away." And with that he was out of the car and away. I was a mighty close second, and as I struck the ground I heard the click of a gun and a voice crying for us to halt, but I had other business to attend to, and I

am sure you could have played checkers on the tail of my coat, I was going so fast. I heard three shots, but as none of them took effect in any part of my anatomy I kept right on for "the tall timber." I never stopped or looked behind until I had ran a mile at the very least. I only stopped then because I was sure my heart and lungs would jump out if I didn't. On looking around there was no one pursuing. On recovering my wind I started back, intending to get in close enough to the town to be able to catch my train, as it came out. In about a half hour I heard the pleasant sound "two whistles," which means we're off, and the train began to move towards me. I intended to try to do what I had often done before, viz: "swing under." As most of my readers will have never had the misfortune to be compelled to ride in this manner, I will explain. A person stands close to the track and as the train comes abreast watches closely for a car that is well supplied with rods underneath. As the side door comes opposite he catches hold of the grab iron which is on the bottom of the door and allows himself to be jerked under, upon the rods. He then makes himself as comfortable as possible, and his journey hath begun.

This is what I did, only I didn't. On the approach of the train I saw that it was down grade the way they

were traveling and that they were going all of fifteen miles an hour. The cars were passing by so fast that I couldn't tell whether they had any rods or not, but at last I said, "Now or never," and, catching a door iron, under I went. As it happened, there was only one rod on the side, and, going right over this, my heels struck the ties, and for about half a minute (it seemed an hour) I thought my arms would be pulled out by the roots, but I held on, got my legs up and wrapped them around the rod. I then secured a hand hold, and there I hung, directly over the rail. I had to stay in that position until we had covered about ten miles. I died at least a hundred different kinds of deaths in that time. It didn't take me very long to change cars when we stopped. I got into an empty car and rode through to Cairo Jct., Ill. Up to this time the brakemen were negroes and never molested me. But from Cairo Junction through to Chicago the brakemen were whites and a fellow had to do some tall scheming in order to get over the road. It was a longer trip for me going by Chicago, but I figured on being able to ship out of there. I made fairly good time, met with no great adventures to speak of, and one afternoon I landed in a good sized town about 150 miles out of Chicago. I can not remember the name of the place. There was a great Elks' celebra-

tion on, and the town was decked out in "gala array." Having found that there were no trains due to leave before midnight, I wandered around the town, taking in the sights. Late that night I was standing near the station when a freight train pulled in, headed for Chicago. On investigating I found that the cars were all loaded with what I first took for pig iron. The side doors were all open and slats were nailed on to keep the load from slipping out. After a few minutes' stop the train started again, and as it did so I clambered into one of the cars. I then found that the pig iron was bananas. I also noticed that the cars were refrigerators. The doors had been opened for ventilation purposes. I didn't feel very pleasant when I found out what the car was loaded with, as I knew that there would be an eruption of some kind if any one found me. Fruit of any kind is generally rushed through as fast as possible, and I comforted myself with the thought that I would be pretty well along towards Chicago before morning, but I was sadly mistaken on this, as, for some reason or another, they were continually stopping. No one had come near my car, but at about 7 a. m., as we were side-tracked, I heard a door bang, then another and then one of the doors of my car was closed. As I didn't intend to be locked in, I peeked out of the door still open

and saw a man coming along closing doors on that side, too, but before he got to my hiding place the train started and that gave me a new lease of life. But I knew it behooved me to be ready to jump out at the next stop. We hadn't traveled any distance before the train stopped again, and almost before I knew it a man was closing the remaining door of my car. I was out in an instant, and if you ever saw an astonished "Dago" (Italian), it was he. It was a minute or so before he could do anything but stutter, but when at last he got control of his tongue he let loose a string of profanity that almost bowled me over. Glancing around, I saw a policeman coming towards us, and thought it was time for me to vanish, and as there were several tracks filled with cars, I had no difficulty in making my escape.

## CHAPTER IV

After getting something to eat I went back to the yards, and after waiting for a couple of hours caught another train and soon landed on the outskirts of Chicago. I then boarded a street car and entered the city in style. I stayed there over night and the next morning, on the payment of \$1.50, shipped out about 325 miles, or within 100 miles of Minneapolis. Got to the end of the first stage that night and landed in Minneapolis the next day per freight and street car. The next morning I finished my long trip. I shall call the name of the town Kinrest. I had traveled about 1,600 miles, been about seven days on the road and still had \$1 of my original \$5. I had written to Jessie from Memphis, Chicago and Minneapolis. The first thing I did on finishing my journey was to write Jessie a long letter, giving her a lengthy description of my adventures. It was the 8th of August by this time and the farmers had just started harvesting. The next day I started work, shocking up grain. At the end of the fourth day I was just about done for. When you think of my weak condition on leaving the South

and the hard trip I had just finished, you can be sure that I was in very poor shape to start in at the hardest kind of work. The first four nights I obtained hardly any sleep, as I was burning up one minute and freezing the next, but Sunday came at last, and, as I had wonderful recuperative powers, I gradually came around all right. I worked in the harvest field until the 28th of the month, and then started in on a threshing outfit. For the benefit of my readers who may never have seen a threshing rig in operation, I will give a short description of the one I was with. There were an engineer, fireman, separator man and oiler. Ten teams hauled the shocks from the field to the machine, and there were two men with each team. A man with a team and two tank wagons hauled water for the engines; another hauled straw for fuel. This made up the field force. Along with each outfit there was a cook car and either a sleeping car or tent. We had a splendid cook, were well fed and also well worked. I was driving one of the bundle-hauling wagons. At the first, while the days were long, I had to be up by 3:30 to feed my horses. We had breakfast over by 4:30 and were out in the field working by 5 o'clock, and there we would stay until 8 anyway, unless it rained. At 12 noon the whistle would blow and each teamster would unhitch and tie his



team behind the wagon and feed them oats which he had put in his wagon in the morning. If the cook car was not more than a mile from the machine a couple of men with empty rigs would rush the crew to dinner, and as soon as they had eaten rush them back. On the other hand, if the car was too far away, the straw team would go in and bring out the dinner. We got no lunch between meals, but after breakfast all the men could help themselves to anything they wanted and carry it with them. Most of them availed themselves of this privilege. Anyway, if a man went hungry it was his own fault. When I had been working about a week I received a letter from my wife containing the pleasant news that one evening, while at the spring for water, the man Williams appeared, and that if I didn't send money so that she could come to me she would start out and walk. This was another piece of good luck for me, as I intended leaving Jessie there until spring, sending her some money from time to time. I expected to thresh as long as I could and purposed going to the lumber woods for the winter. There was no alternative, so I borrowed enough of the thresher to make, with what I had, \$60, and sent this to Jessie, telling her to get my clothes out of pawn and come on. She landed at Kinrest three or four days before I was ex-

pecting her, and when I got word she had already hunted up the parents of the man I was working for and was right at home when I appeared on the scene. As she was a first-class dressmaker and milliner and it was very hard to get any one to go out sewing in that country, she had already made arrangements to sew for a lady living in the town. I will not dwell on the scene when we met, but it was like a taste of heaven to us. After working hard all day I had walked four miles into town. We talked nearly all night, and at 4 in the morning I started back in order to go to work.

The man who helped me had promised to keep things going until I got back. Sunday I went to town and had dinner with the people Jessie was sewing for. Afterward we got away together, as lovers will, and it was sundown before we knew it and we had to say good-by for another week. I continued working for the same outfit until the 12th of November. In the meanwhile Jessie was also working when able, which was not more than half the time, being sick the other half. She had a weak heart and our southern experience didn't help it any. As she had been raised in the South, the motto of the majority of the people being, "Take no thought for the morrow," and knew nothing about saving money, she

hadn't put by a cent of her sewing money. I may say that she was too big hearted to ever save money. It was all spent on me. I needed warmer underclothes or new shoes or something. She was always getting something or another for me. She didn't need anything herself, never thought of herself. It was always poor me. I had to work so hard and she was nothing but a burden. If she wasn't well on Sunday when I went to see her, she wouldn't much more than kiss me before starting in calling herself names and wishing she were dead so that I wouldn't be burdened with her any longer. It was a very hard matter for me to convince her that, instead of a burden, she was the joy of my life.

All very unselfish people are alike in this regard. They never take stock of what they do for those they love, but only what is done for them. Jessie was certainly the personification of unselfish love.

## CHAPTER V

The second of November I left Kinrest, going across country about thirty miles, where I went to work on another threshing outfit, the owner of which I had known years before. I stayed with him until the last of the month, helping build a stable after threshing was finished. Several old-fashioned love letters had passed between Jessie and I during this time. I forgot to state that Jessie had figured out a scheme for a book mark, and before leaving Kinrest I sent money to a friend in Minneapolis, who had promised to have two hundred fixed up for me. They only cost about 11 cents apiece, and afterwards Jessie had no trouble in disposing of about one hundred at 35 cents each.

Landing back in Kinrest on the third of December I found Jessie at the Naylor's, the people with whom she boarded when not out sewing. The family consisted of the man and his wife, about 65 and 55 years of age, respectively. Mr. Naylor was well to do, as he owned 800 acres of land, as good as there was in that community. They were both very nice, friendly people, but to use a Yankee expression, "near, very

near." In traveling around I have come in contact with a good many people of this description. It is born and bred in the bone, that idea of saving, saving, saving. They begrudge themselves and family every mouthful they eat. Dear reader, I hope the above description does not fit you. If it does, all I can say is, whether you are young or old, you will never know what happiness is until you turn over a new leaf. Understand, this is not a sermon against saving or being economical, but against miserliness. Here is an illustration of my meaning: Two young men get married at the same time. They are working for the same firm, drawing the same amount of salary, are both steady, sober fellows, and each have \$1,000 laid by. The first, whom I shall call Fred, is ambitious to get rich at any cost. His main object in life is to accumulate all he can. He buys a small, uncomfortable house on the installment plan, only gets the furniture which is absolutely indispensable; does not even get a washing machine, which would save his wife a little. Having a good-sized lot, puts in a big garden, which takes up every minute of spare time he and his wife have. He hasn't time to improve his mind by reading, does not take his wife to a concert or any kind of an entertainment, as, according to him, only foolish people, those who do not know the value of money, go to any-

thing of this kind. He has a chance to get a lot at a bargain, snaps it up, and then goes in debt in order to build a house on it, and then they have to scrimp and save harder than ever in order to pay for it. I could go on and on, but it isn't necessary. Everyone who may read this knows people of this description. If they are blessed with children, the lives of the children are one long misery until they get big enough to strike out for themselves. And if Fred lives to be 60 years of age, he may be wealthy, as far as property is concerned, but what kind of a life has he to look back on? As he has never thought of anything or anybody but money, that is the only friend he has. If at this time his eyes could be opened his past life would look hideous to him.

We shall now turn to the other man, whom I shall call John. He got married because he truly loved the girl, and she loved him, and because they wanted to be together in a home of their own. Before marriage John and his intended hunted around together and finally located a nice, cozy little home. This John bought on the monthly payment plan, paying so much down. They then spent what they thought they could afford to make the nest as homelike as possible. John also put in a garden, but with it all found time to take his wife to an entertainment of some kind

occasionally. They belonged to a lodge which had a meeting each week. They got books from the public library and took turns in reading aloud. They had a few particular friends upon whom they called and received calls from. They identified themselves with a church and in other ways too numerous to mention kept young and fresh.

Even from the money standpoint most of their pleasures were inexpensive, and if in the course of time they were blessed with children said children would certainly have a fair chance in the world; that is a sure thing. If they did not turn out all right it would not be the fault of the parents. John may never get rich, not that I am prepared to make the statement that a rich man cannot be good, as there are hundreds of honest ways of getting to the front, but if he lives to be 60 years of age he will have the highest form of riches, the memory of a well-spent life, a host of friends and a memory stocked with the good he has accomplished. I could write pages more illustrating the lives of these two men, but will desist, as I have written enough to show you the difference between a skinflint and a decent man. In preaching this sermon I almost got away from the thread of my story. To go back, I found Jessie at Mr. Naylor's. Just a few days before, Mrs. Naylor had been taken down sick

with pneumonia and Jessie had considered it her duty to come and help take care of her. They had a nurse, but Jessie was doing all the housework and looking after Mrs. Naylor in the daytime. Now, I consider that I am as warm-hearted as the next one, and have lent a helping hand to people in trouble time and again, but I believe in using a little judgment in all things. Although I felt sorry for the sick woman, I knew that they had plenty of money to hire a girl, that we owed them nothing, as Jessie had paid a good, stiff price for board for the time she had been there. I knew that with people of this kind she could stay and work herself to death and they wouldn't even thank her. They would probably begrudge her what she ate. When I got there she was almost in a state of collapse. In fact, should have been in bed herself, instead of trying to look after other people. We had a long talk and I told her just what would happen if she stayed, just how they would use her, etc. Well, she couldn't believe it or at least wouldn't allow herself to believe it. That was her disposition. I have known different women to take advantage of her kindness and then when they could use her come back again and again. And it wasn't that she didn't know that they were getting the best of her, but that she was so supremely unselfish and soft hearted that she could



not turn any one down who was in trouble. But I shall have to stop wandering from my story or I shall never get it told. Jessie not only could not make up her mind to leave Naylor's at this stage, but insisted on my staying with her for a few days anyway until the crisis of the disease had passed. Mr. Naylor was utterly helpless and as he kept a team of horses and two cows, what with looking after these, cutting wood and helping Jessie in the house, I found plenty to do. In about a week, Mrs. Naylor having taken a turn for the better, and my book marks arriving, I made up my mind to pull out. I was intending to go to the county seat, a town of about 10,000. I was starting Monday morning, but Jessie was very poorly and I agreed to wait until Wednesday, but I was getting anxious, as Christmas was drawing near and I knew that the time to try and sell the book marks was before that day. Monday evening I noticed a slight swelling just below my left jaw and, although it hurt quite a little I didn't pay much attention to it. The next morning it hurt so bad I could hardly eat. Jessie insisted that I have the doctor look at it when he came. He felt the lump, asked a few questions and gave me a prescription to get filled. I did this and got some kind of oil which was to be rubbed on every two or three hours. In the afternoon it hurt so bad that I

laid down. The next morning I was too sick to get up. And I didn't get up for six long weeks. This lump turned out to be an abscess, and kept growing until it burst, both inside and out, poisoning my blood. At last the doctor gave me up, but Jessie didn't. She was worn out at the time I was taken sick, but the right kind of love will almost defy death itself. She wouldn't let anybody else do for me, stayed with me night and day. Just caught a short nap once in awhile, and when the doctor gave me up, she just took hold and made me live. I know that more than one night she kept me from drifting away by literally holding me back. I know that most people will hardly credit what I have just written, and I can't make you believe it, but I know that it is true. I can't just explain it, but I know it was a fact. At last, after a long struggle, I began to mend, but was very weak for a long time. It was torture for me to swallow and as a consequence I kept swallowing involuntarily. I couldn't eat anything solid for nearly two months, subsisting entirely on liquid food. When I was getting better I used to be so hungry at times that I felt as if I could have eaten a raw dog. By the twelfth of February I was able to get around all right, and although I figured it was the wrong time of the year to do business, concluded to take my overdue trip to the county

seat, which I shall call Junction. During my illness, through the kindness of some, my wife had disposed of nearly 100 of the book marks, realizing nearly \$35. I made the trip, getting back to Kinrest the first of March, having sold only about fifty of the marks, but I more than cleared my expenses; that helped some. I forgot to mention that I had lived on a farm near Kinrest with my folks when a boy, so that I was pretty well known both in the town and country. One man in particular proved himself a true friend in every sense of the word. On three different occasions while I was sick he had visited me, offering me money and telling Jessie to call on him if anything was needed at any time. When I got back to Kinrest, on inquiring, I found that Jessie was a couple of miles out of town, sewing. I went to this place, staying a couple of days, Jessie and I doing a lot of planning for the future. The one thing that we made up our minds to do if possible was to have a home of our own of some kind. We didn't care how hard we would have to work, if we could only be together. Some who are married and are never happy when together, note this. Hearing of a small farm close to town which the owner wished to rent, I investigated. It was an eighty-acre tract of land, there being fifty acres of hay land, twenty of pasture and ten acres that could

be cropped, and \$200 was asked as rent. There was also a small house and stable. The place was only half a mile from town. The people had a few household articles, which they wished to dispose of. They were willing to wait until the first of November for the major portion of the rent, but wanted \$50 down, as they were short of money. I immediately hunted up the friend who was so kind when I was sick. I shall call him Mr. Evade. Having had a long talk with him, going thoroughly into the pros and cons of the business, he agreed to not only furnish the \$50, but jointly sign the lease and note with me. The next day the papers were signed, and on the eighth day of March we moved in. That day was one of the happiest of our lives. Why was this? Because we had been left a bunch of money? Verily not. It was because we each had what we cared most for on earth, that was each other. We only had a mere handful of furniture, were \$50 in debt and had \$10 cash on hand. In addition to this had sent away \$20 for a garden seeder and seeds. I had done considerable in the gardening line and intended to put in as much garden truck as I could possibly handle. I should have stated that when I returned from Junction I saw the Naylor's and settled with them. I shall just state what occurred and the reader can draw his own conclusions.

They didn't charge Jessie or me anything when we were putting in our time doing their work while Mrs. Naylor was sick, but we were charged full board while I was sick. Six weeks of this time they furnished me about 2 cents worth of milk per day. Jessie helped around the house a little every day, and the last couple of weeks she was working most of the time. I never said anything to them, but I did a lot of strong thinking. It had turned out just the way I told Jessie it would. I paid all but \$15, promising to pay this when I could. As I agreed to pay this, I fully intended to do so, as I do not believe in going back on an agreement, whether I am beat or not, but I made up my mind that I would pay off every other debt I incurred before this was paid, and it was more than four years afterward when it was finally cleared off. Different people of the town loaned me a team and wagon and I put in two weeks hauling manure and spreading it on my garden spot. I then worked for the town banker two weeks, the \$24 received for this being like finding water in the desert. It was now time for me to start at work on the land. From this time forward I worked like a dog, early and late, Jessie being with me most of the time unless too sick to leave her bed.

I got up at 4 o'clock and without eating anything worked until six. I then came in, fired up and if Jessie

was well, woke her up and I helped her get breakfast. Afterwards I washed the dishes while she straightened up the house a little. Then we would both go out to the field, this same being a long, narrow strip, the pasture being on one side and running the whole length. I would carry out two or three coats for a seat for Jessie. She would take some fancy work along. If able, she would help me part of the time. If not, I would fix her up as comfortable as possible and there she would stay till noon.

I couldn't get her to go in until I did, even when she had been working pretty steady she wouldn't stop until I did. We would go in together, light the fire and get dinner. I generally read aloud while Jessie prepared the meal.

The afternoon would be a repetition of the morning. We generally went out about 2 o'clock and I never quit before 8. Jessie would leave earlier in order to have a good meal waiting for me when I came in. This was the special meal of the day. One day was about the same as the others, only that every once in awhile there would be a day and sometimes two when Jessie's heart would be bothering and she stayed in bed. It would then devolve on me to get the meals and act as nurse. I was always more affectionate with her on these occasions. In order that she might have any

rest I had to tell her, over and over, how much I thought of her, and my reasons for so doing. Whenever she had one of these attacks it was very hard for me to make her see that she wasn't a burden. If I was writing this story in the third person I could make myself as much of a hero as I liked, but this is not my object. I am relating a true story and am just stating facts. When I was sick Jessie almost wore herself out in order to keep me alive, and I was doing no more than my plain duty by paying a little attention to her when she was not well. Jessie would have done anything in the world for me. I was just as sure of this as that I was living.

You may be sure that before I went out to the field that I convinced her that I didn't think she was a burden. She knew that I loved her and she loved for me to tell her so. How many poor married women there are who are starving for the want of affection. The husband takes it for granted that the wife knows that he cares more for her than anyone else. Mind you, I am not writing of drunkards or low down scoundrels, but of the majority of good, decent men. How often when at the table, instead of finding fault with everything, do they praise her cooking or tell her how nice she looks or hand out any of the pretty compliments they bestowed on her before marriage? Of

course, I don't intend to affirm that all women are angels, not at all, but the majority marry a man because they love him and he has made them believe he loved them, and if the men always did as they should the divorce courts would go out of business.



## CHAPTER VI

About the first of May I got three cows and their calves from a man who was short of pasture. I was to pasture and take care of the outfit for the milk. This was quite a help to us. I planted two acres of onions, about four acres of potatoes and about an acre of other garden truck. When the onions were nicely up a heavy sand storm cut them all down. I worked right along every day but Sunday. It never rained enough in the daytime to stop me.

About the fifteenth of July I started to put up my hay. Having no horses or machinery, I fixed up a deal with the man from whom I got the cows. I was to help him put up his hay and also in harvest and pay the difference in cash. With the exception of an odd wet day, I was with him until the twenty-seventh of August. Twice a week, after working hard all day in the field, I would borrow a hand cart from one of the merchants and take a load of vegetables into the town, going from house to house selling them, Jessie having gotten them ready during the day.

Mr. Evade had offered me a job on his threshing

outfit as night watchman, and on the twenty-seventh of August I took on my new duties. If I had worked hard before I certainly worked from this time until the first of November. I was at home two days out of three, doing something about my garden. Long before this I found out that I was to pay just about twice as much rent as I should have, and that I would have to figure mighty fine in order to come out even. I had put up about sixty tons of hay, but there was no sale for it at this time. In fact, there was nothing sure about my selling it at any time. This was the reason I took a job threshing.

It was a hard pull to leave Jessie all alone, but \$2.50 every night, Sunday included, was too good to let pass. So I used to come home nearly every morning and go back at night. I almost forgot what it was like to sleep in a bed. I could stand it better in the daytime, as I would generally be busy. The nights were the hardest. It seemed as if I would go to sleep standing up.

As last threshing was over and I was \$160 to the good. I had drawn some from time to time, but left \$80 with Mr. Evade. As my rent was due at this time he put \$100 to my \$80 and paid it, just telling me that he would never ask me for it, that I could pay him when I got it. I still owed the man who helped me put up the hay \$60.

The vegetables and butter that we sold had just about kept the house. Jessie, wanting to help in some way, and being a great hand to write poetry, songs, etc., had written a few songs and sent them to a publishing house in Chicago. These people wrote a beautiful letter about the songs, how fine they were, etc., and a lot more about the amount of money different song writers had made, winding up with a flowery offer but it would cost \$20 to take advantage of this. If I had written the songs I wouldn't have paid any attention to their letter, as when the flowery part was taken away it just amounted to this: They would write the music and publish 200 of the songs for the \$20. They could have been the poorest trash that was ever written and they would have done the same. I hadn't the heart to tell Jessie this, although it would have been better to have done so. She was so eager to help in any way she could, always trying to stop me from working so hard, telling me over and over if she was dead and out of the way that I would be all right. One day as she was going on this way I asked her to put herself in my place. If I wasn't well and couldn't do much, and she was well and able, would she consider it a hardship to have to work hard for a time? She answered that she would just love to do it. I then said: "If you ever talk about dying again, I shall

take it for granted that you deliberately intend to question my love."

This talk of mine broke her all up in business and if at any time in the future she said anything about being a burden I would ask her when she had found out that I didn't care for her any more and that would silence her. But this is the way with all very unselfish people. They would work all day and night for one whom they cared for and esteem it a privilege, but if they were at all dependent would feel that they were a burden.

In regard to the songs, the \$20 was spent and we never received any benefit.

As there wasn't much of a chance to get work of any kind in Kinrest in the winter, and I wanted to make all I could, after talking it over with Jessie I concluded to send for some more book marks. As I wanted to sell them for 50 cents each, I intended to get the best material possible and have them fixed up in a fancy manner. I wrote to my Minneapolis friend, telling him just what I wanted and not to spare expense in order to make them show up so well that they would sell on sight. There is an old saying, "If you want anything done well, do it yourself." That was the way it was in this case. When the markers came they didn't show up good at all. The printing

was too fancy for the material, made it look shoddy. They cost 20 cents each and if another 5 cents had been added to the cost of the ribbon they would have been superb.

This was \$40 more spent. Of course, I could not blame my friend, and to this day he doesn't know but what they were just the thing. I knew I couldn't sell them for 50 cents, as I wouldn't have the nerve to ask that for them. Jessie and I were bitterly disappointed, but the milk was spilt and we couldn't gather it up by crying.

After threshing I gathered in what garden stuff I had in the ground. On the fifteenth of November, leaving Jessie alone, I started for the county seat with the book marks. I intended not only to get out and hustle myself, but also to get a few school boys to sell for me. I took the fifty left over from the year before. I sold them all right at 35 cents each, but the others were apparently unsalable. Boy after boy that I sent out would come back saying that the people all said that the marks were too dear. At the end of two weeks I quit in disgust.

My throat was bothering me considerably, although I had allowed my beard to grow and wore a scarf around my neck. As soon as the weather got cold, on account of the abscess the winter before, my throat

got so bad that I could hardly swallow. Jessie was also writing about every other day, and although she didn't complain I could tell that she was nearly sick from worrying about me. It was a mighty blue home coming for me. If there had been work of any kind to be gotten it wouldn't have been so bad, but there was a long winter to face, with no money and neither of us well. When I arrived home it was my turn to be despondent, and I certainly was. I felt so blue that it was next to impossible for me to believe that the sun would ever shine bright and pleasant again. For about three days I was no better than a big baby. This was the time when Jessie came to the front and showed what she was made of. Instead of giving up too, she just put in her best licks doing and saying everything she could to cheer me up. Finally, realizing how selfish I was, I braced up and we faced the situation together.

## CHAPTER VII

No doubt some of my readers who may have looked upon me as a kind of two-cent hero will be disappointed at this point. For the benefit of all such I now make this statement: I am not trying to make out that I was a great hero. I am just writing a true story and am not trying to make myself out any better or worse than what I was, but I have no doubt that even our real historical heroes all saw blue at times when they could have stood a little petting and babying.

On doing a little figuring we soon found out where we were at. It was the fourth of December and we had \$3 on hand besides the hay, owed Mr. Evade \$100 and Mr. Glin, who helped, \$40. We had a plentiful supply of vegetables and Jessie, who was an expert at this, had made a lot of different kinds of pickles, but most of the town people were supplied and there was no sale for anything at this time. As most of our friends had advised against going on this place, wanting us to go to work for some farmer or something of that kind, we couldn't even expect sympathy. In fact,

we didn't even look for it. We knew that there would be some way of getting through the winter. My credit was good at the store, but I didn't intend to run any farther in debt if I could help it. Jessie had raised a few chickens. Early in the summer I bought four small pigs and just before I finished threshing I paid \$25 for an old horse. All these, as far as the winter was concerned, were just an expense. Just before Christmas I killed one of the pigs, which helped out some. On the fifth of December, as our fuel was about finished up, I went to town to see if I couldn't make arrangements with the coal man, who also ran a lumber yard, to get fuel and pay in work. This man, being one of the old-timers, had known me as a boy. When I told him how I was situated, he at once offered to let me have what coal I wanted and pay him when I could, but that wasn't what I wanted. I didn't care to sit up all winter with my finger in my mouth doing nothing and then have to work like a dog all summer to pay for it. After studying a little the coal man at last agreed to give me enough work of some kind to pay for what fuel I might need. I forthwith borrowed Mr. Evade's team and wagon and hauled a ton out to the house. The bargain I made with the coal man took about a ton's weight of the burden off my mind. I knew we wouldn't freeze anyway. I paid



for my firing by unloading coal from the cars into the coal shed. Any one who may have done this kind of work will know that I didn't have much of a snap, more especially when I say that I have shoveled out forty tons in a day, but this meant \$5. I not only earned my fuel, but about \$30 besides. I also occasionally loaded a car of grain for one of the elevator men.

When Jessie and I saw that we were secure from freezing or starvation we gave ourselves up to having as good a time as possible. The house contained one large room downstairs and two up. As we didn't intend to go in for style, especially when we couldn't afford it, and wanted to be as comfortable as possible, we lived entirely in the large room down stairs. Unless I knew in advance that there was coal to unload I would turn out in the morning at 7, open the stove drafts, put on some coal and then go back to bed until the room got nice and warm. Then we would both get up and dress. Then I would go out and look after the live stock. I forgot to say that Mr. Glin had taken away his cattle in October and we got milk from a neighbor. When I got through choring, if breakfast wasn't ready, I would turn in and help it along. After breakfast I would wash the dishes while Jessie straightened up the house. We had a big lounging

chair, which had been a fancy piece of furniture, but at this time it looked as if it had been in the ark, but it was mighty comfortable. After our housework was finished I used to ensconce myself in the chair, with Jessie on my lap, and she would kiss and baby me for a while, also ask me over and over if I loved her, and how much, etc., etc. This sounds mighty foolish and I was always afraid some one would pop in some time when we were acting so. I used to tell Jessie that she was worse than a baby, but you can bet I liked to have her act so, just the same. You show me a married man who doesn't like to have his wife pet him a little sometimes and, well, I, for one, wouldn't have much use for him. After our love feast Jessie would hunt up a book or magazine, of which we generally had a supply, as knowing every one in town, I was able to borrow all the reading matter we could wade through. I would read aloud while Jessie did some sewing or fancy work, and while she was getting the dinner. After dinner I went to town, inquired for mail, got groceries if needed, saw the coal and elevator men, and if there was no work for me, went back home and put in the rest of the day about like the morning, only sometimes we played a few games of a German game, known as "66." With very little variation one day was passed the same as the

other, only Sundays and days when I was working downtown. I know most of my readers will be shocked when I say that we never went to church after moving out of the town. There were several reasons for this. People in a city have no excuse whatever for not attending some kind of religious meetings, as they can always slip in some place where they are not known, but in a country town it is different; everybody knows you, and every move you make is noted. Both Jessie and I had considerable pride, call it sinful pride if you like, and couldn't stand to have people patronize us. We knew that under the circumstances, poor as we were, it would only do us harm to go to church, so we stayed away. Of the three preachers of the town, one was no gentleman, as when I was in a restaurant I heard him telling a vulgar story, which no gentleman, let alone a preacher, should be guilty of. One of the others was what would be called a five-cent dude. The other was a sour-faced crank and his sermons would give a person the horrors. Now, I am not running down religion, or goodness; far from it. I reverence goodness wherever I find it, but not the counterfeit article. Neither Jessie nor I were professing Christians. The main reason for this was that as children at home we were surrounded by such a terrible amount of hypocrisy that we had drifted away

from religion. For the benefit of my readers, I will say that we had a religion of our own, which we tried hard to live up to. That was to love each other with all our hearts and "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us." If all the church members in America would start in and live up to this motto I am almost sure we would have the millenium in a year. I may say that our favorite author was Rev. E. P. Roe, "Barriers Burned Away" and "From Jest to Earnest" being our favorite books. I am sure that I have read these two books through at least a dozen times. Any one who has read them will know, these being our favorites, that we could not be very desperately wicked. If people only knew how they are influencing, in some way, every one with whom they come in contact, would they not be more careful of what they said and did? For instance, take a man who controls a large business. He is a member of some church, perhaps a deacon or elder, may also be a Sunday-school teacher or superintendent. He may have men, women, boys and girls working for him. Just think of this man's influence for good or evil; his every word and action will be noted. He represents Jesus Christ, the one who was the personification of unselfish love. The one who never spoke only in kindness, nor did an unkind deed. If he tells a clerk

to sell shoddy for pure wool, mercerized cotton for silk, etc., what kind of an influence will he have on those under him? Time and again I have heard business men declare that they could not run a business honestly and succeed. It is a poor lookout for the old world if this is the case.

Another thing, what is honesty? A farmer lived near Kinrest who, generally speaking, was a fine man. I wouldn't care how much he owed me, I wouldn't be afraid of not getting it. While conversing with him one time, horse trading was mentioned, and he made this statement: "If I am trading horses I believe in getting the best of the other fellow if I possibly can. I will tell him no more about my horse than I can help, whatever his faults I shall say nothing against him."

And he believed this was a perfectly honest way to do business. This is a whole lot of people's idea of honesty, more's the pity.

## CHAPTER VIII

But to continue my story. We kept in fairly good health and had an enjoyable time, although having no company but each other. On the fifteenth of December the man and his wife who lived near us took a trip and didn't get back until the first of March. In all that time Jessie never went farther than the barn. Once in a great while some one would drop in from town, but Jessie wouldn't go near the town. She knew that I was looked on as a kind of failure and those who came over to see us tried to be patronizing and she just wouldn't stand for it. She used to say that as long as she had me she wasn't particular whether she ever saw any one else or not. And she meant it, too. I know we certainly got irrevocably bound up in each other that winter. We were all and everything to each other. Two people situated as we were must do one of two things, each love the other more and more, or else they will get to hate each other. I think we were unusually favored, on account of our tastes being similar. We both loved a good book and were also great jokers and jolliers. Time and again we

have started in and joked and jollied each other for a couple of hours at a stretch. We never got lonesome. As we had traveled considerably before marriage, we always found something to talk about. At this time we were as happy as they make them, being perfectly alive to the fabulous riches we possessed in having each other to love and be loved by.

Once in a while I sold a load of hay, but as it only averaged about \$3 per ton, I didn't get much out of it. I didn't keep a dollar of the hay money, turning it over to Mr. Evade as fast as I got it. Every time I tendered him any money he would say he didn't need it and for me to keep it until times were better with me, but I always said the same thing, that I would have to pay it some time, and the sooner the better. If I kept the money it would be spent and I would have that much more to pay in the summer. This Mr. Evade was the best man I have ever had dealings with. I have never had the pleasure of knowing another as good and liberal. I don't mean to say that there are not others as good, but that I haven't had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with them. Along in the winter I wrote to the owner of the land I was on, Mr. Shepherd, and offered him \$100 rent for the place another year. Our time was up the first of April. In reply he stated that he would let it stand idle before

taking less than \$200, so it was up to me to find another place. The summer before this a representative of an eastern land company had bought about 5,000 acres of land in a block. The owners being very glad to sell, as all this land was light and unless there was considerable rain didn't produce much of a crop. At the time of purchase the land company was negotiating with a band of Iowa farmers to whom they expected to turn over the land, but there was a hitch somewhere and they didn't sell. During the winter their man was around trying to rent the places for another year, but most of the other farmers around, knowing the land, didn't care to take risks. About the first of March I saw this man and obtained permission to move on one of the places and put in what crop I could. It was customary to rent grain land on the share system, the owner furnishing the seed and paying half the threshing, the renter planting, cutting the grain, furnishing the twine and paying the other half of the threshing, and if the land was plowed, plowing it back, landlord and tenant each taking half of the crop. The first of April I moved, then being two miles from town. I bought another old horse, got a cheap set of harness, had plenty of hay, and Mr. Steel, the coal man, had promised to let me have what oats I needed. We had plenty of house and barn room,



but no good water. There was a well across the road, the water of which I used for the stock and washing, but for cooking and drinking purposes it was necessary to haul from a spring about three-quarters of a mile away. There was a well in the barn, but it had been bored and the pump was broken, and I had no money to buy another. The company not being willing to put out a cent for any kind of improvement, we just had to make the best of it, which we proceeded to do.

We finally got everything moved and straightened up. I then hauled my hay and got some oats from Mr. Steel. Having borrowed an old walking plow, bright and early Monday morning, the thirteenth of April, I started plowing. As I was never superstitious, I never bothered about the day of the month. I plowed steadily for two weeks, working early and late in order to do a certain amount, viz.: twenty-one miles, which was about three acres a day, and yet give the old horses all the chance I could. If I needed anything in town I would walk there after I got through at night. Anything that was needed for the house Jessie would send for through some one who passed the house. She would not stay in the house any longer than was absolutely necessary. After looking after the chickens and turkeys she would haul up water, and have feed and hay ready for the horses when I came in.

She would then take some kind of work and come out in the field and there she would stay until it was time to hustle in and get dinner. She would follow behind me just like my shadow until she would be completely tired out, and all I could say in regard to the foolishness of it would not make any difference. She just wanted to be with me and that was all there was to it. If I said too much she would begin to cry and say that I was tired of her and didn't love her any more. Although she was three months my senior and a woman is supposed to age faster than a man, she was just like a big baby. I can picture her now, coming out to the field wearing a great straw hat, tied around her neck with a ribbon, a calico dress and apron completing her costume. Instead of wearing the hat on her head, it would generally be hanging down her back, for all in the world like a little girl about four years of age. But you can be sure that she looked good to me, even if she was tanned black, and I couldn't get very tired or blue as long as she was around to cheer me up. After I had plowed a couple of weeks I went down to see the company's agent in the town about getting some seed grain, only to be informed that the company would not furnish any seed. That I would have to furnish everything myself and give them one-quarter. This was a good deal

if I could get the seed, but I didn't have \$2 to my name, and was running a store bill for my supplies. Monday morning I borrowed a wagon and started out to get some wheat. I then found out what it was to have good friends. I tried to get at least 30 bushels, worth \$18 at that time, but could not get a bushel without the cash. I tried at least twenty different farmers, all of whom I knew, but it was no use; they all had the same excuse. Some came out flat-footed and told me that they had wheat to sell, but would not let me have it without the money, not that they didn't believe I was honest, but that they didn't have any faith in the land I was trying to farm and wouldn't help me to an almost certain failure. That night, after I got back home, I went to town and tried to raise the money, but couldn't. My friend, Mr. Evade, was up in Canada, and I was already indebted to Mr. Steel, so didn't ask him, but I asked every one else, but could not get a dollar. You will say that this sounds very improbable. I know it does, but it was certainly the truth. These people all knew me. Knew that I didn't drink or even use tobacco, also knew how hard I had worked the summer before. Furthermore both Mr. Evade and Mr. Steel had told what a cheerful payer I was and yet they wouldn't hand out a cent.

Dear reader, would an experience of this kind improve your love for your fellow man? That night when I finally got home I was completely undone. I hadn't been asking for charity, but just for a chance to work, and the hardest kind of work, where Jessie and I could be together. The next morning I was very near desperate, when I thought that I was at a standstill on account of the lack of a few paltry dollars. While in this condition I happened to think of a man whom I had known off and on for years and whom I had favored more than once. It has been my experience that most people are ready to borrow money of you if they can, but are very shy about returning the compliment. Under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't have gone near this man, as he was one of thousands who drink up all they earn, but I was desperate and a drowning man will clutch at anything. As he was working within a mile of us, I hustled down before breakfast and when I told him my tale of woe he at once drew \$20 from his boss and handed it to me. You may be sure I shall not forget this favor in awhile, although it wasn't much to him, even if I had never paid it back, it was a lot to me at that time. I am thankful to say that I have been able to return his favor more than once. On receiving the money I at once proceeded to get some wheat and

sow it. I borrowed a harrow and a small drill to work with. Shortly after this the doctor who had attended me when I was sick happened to stop in, and when I struck him for a loan promised to back me with money enough to get what seed I would need. He was out of town the night I was down there trying to raise money, and anyway he would have been about the last man I would have thought of going to, not but what I thought he was a fine man, but some way it would not seem right to try to borrow money from a doctor.

It being a very dry spring; in fact, it was too dry, I worked every day with my old team until I had plowed and planted forty acres of wheat, thirty of oats and twenty of barley, also five acres of corn and about four of potatoes. Plenty of people living right in that part of the country could hardly believe that I did this much with the old plug team I had, but I certainly didn't spare myself and I gave the old horses all the advantage. From the first of May on I got up every morning at 4, went out and fed the horses, then came in and got breakfast. As I couldn't see any reason for both of us getting up so early, I let Jessie sleep. After breakfast I would set the alarm for 8 and then go out, clean off and harness up the horses and strike for the field, figuring on getting started to work

by 5:30. I then had six and a half hours to go eleven miles with the plow, giving the horses a rest quite often. I would take a long nooning from 12 until 2, and it would generally be 7:30 by the time I got in at night. As Jessie would usually have feed and water all ready, by 8 I would be ready for supper. Any one can readily see that I wasn't acting the drone to any great extent. I planted thirty-five bushels of potatoes. Jessie cut all these and also dropped them in the furrows while I plowed and covered. She also put in what garden we had. About the tenth of June I finished up and if there had only been a few good showers we would have made a tidy bit of money, but it wasn't to be. That would have been too good to be true. Before this I mentioned Jessie having put up a lot of pickles. These were partly in quart jars and the rest in two-gallon crocks. We had planned, when through seeding, to take a trip to a good sized town named Clay, which was twenty miles away. So a couple of days after finishing up I borrowed a wagon and we loaded all the pickle stuff in, also a few potatoes that we had to spare and, packing up over night, got up at 2 a. m., and got started away by 3:30, as I wanted to get into the town before the sun got too warm. We stopped to feed the horses and ourselves a couple of miles out of town, and landed there at 11 o'clock.

Taking a jar of each of the different kinds of pickles, viz: chili sauce, picalilli, mixed and sweet cucumber pickles, in a basket, I went from house to house, while Jessie poked the old team along. I pride myself on being able to sell anything of this kind. In the first place I knew I had something that was especially good, and it was the time of year when it was scarce. I know how to make myself agreeable and stay agreeable, whether people patronize me or not. As before stated, I started at 11 o'clock and never stopped to eat even, until 9 at night, and then only because it was getting dark. In that time I had been to nearly every house in town, and had taken in \$37, which was like finding money for us. It had been a very hot day and poor Jessie was nearly roasted, but had stuck to her post like a soldier. I may say that I didn't sell the jars, most people having plenty of their own, they would exchange an empty can for a full one. When we had about sold our jars I got a pail of hot water and Jessie washed some of the empty jars and filled them from the crocks. It was a hard day, but we certainly felt mighty fine when starting for home. Going out a couple of miles, we stopped and fed and watered the horses and ourselves. We landed home the next morning at 5 o'clock. As we had been so successful at Clay and still had a few pickles left, we concluded

to take a trip to a town called Groves. This place was about the same distance from us as Clay, but in a different direction. Tuesday of the following week we struck out, making the town before noon. By 6 o'clock we had sold out, taking in about \$16. On our way home that night we were as happy as two children at Christmas.

I didn't have very much to do for awhile, only cultivate the corn and potatoes. The weather was not very satisfactory, it being too dry. By July 1st the crop was dried up beyond recovery, and although there were some good rains after that, lots of the grain hardly paid for the cutting.



## CHAPTER IX

About the first of July I took my old team and started hauling gravel for the town. Just a couple of days of this work played out one of the horses and I had to hire one to take its place. I earned about \$40 at this work and then just looked after the corn, potatoes and garden until harvest time. I bought an old binder, agreeing to pay \$25 for the same. I worked in the harvest field about ten days for my nearest neighbor and when my wheat was ready to cut I hired a man and team, put my team with his and let him run the binder, while I shocked the grain. I had already spoken to Mr. Evade and he had promised to find work for myself and horses on his threshing outfit. As he would be working not less than ten miles from where we lived, I couldn't get home very often. In June a family moved into the house just across the road from us, so that Jessie would not be entirely alone, but it certainly broke her all up in business when it came time for me to start. I had not been away from her for twelve hours straight ahead since the fall before. It didn't seem as if she could let me go. She wasn't

at all well, her heart having been bothering considerably for a month or so back. I finally dragged myself away, promising to come home when I could. We only worked half a day when it started to rain and there was nothing done for a week. The next week the machine ran four and a half days and Saturday afternoon Mr. Evade drew me to one side and said he was sorry, but he would have to let me go, that he had nothing against me, but my team could not stand the work. This was certainly a blow, but as I knew it was true I couldn't say anything. The job that was given me was the easiest on horses of any that there was, but at times it was necessary to get a move on, and mine were too old to get off a walk. They couldn't fill the bill.

Sunday I went home, finding Jessie sick abed, with Mrs. Hoover, our neighbor, in attendance. Mrs. Hoover would have sent for me, but, although Jessie was mighty hungry for a sight of me, she wouldn't allow her to do so.

Most people will not be able to understand how such a short absence would affect a person so much. There are some people who will appreciate this though. Jessie pleaded so hard with me for to stay at home that I concluded to do so. My oats were still to cut and I intended stacking the wheat, also had potatoes to dig


and get rid of. As different people who had seen my wheat before it was cut, had estimated it at not less than ten bushels to the acre, and I had a fair stand of oats, besides the potatoes, I was sure I could straighten up, with something to spare. So I stayed at home the rest of the fall, doing what I could. A neighbor who had a machine agreed to thresh for me by the first of October at the latest, but he didn't live up to his agreement, not threshing it at all, it being after the first of November before it was threshed by another man, costing nearly twice as much as if threshed earlier in the season. Jessie helped me to stack the wheat and also to cut the oats. She also helped me with the potatoes. We had about 300 bushels of these, 200 bushels of which I sold at 50 cents per bushel, and the rest I put in the cellar. On threshing my grain, instead of getting at the least 400 bushels of wheat, there was only 220 bushels. Three-quarters of this was my share, 165 bushels. I sold this for 62 cents per bushel, realizing \$102.30. My share of the oats was 240 bushels, and the thresh bill was \$55. I had paid \$25 for a binder, \$10 for twine and \$12 to the man who had cut the wheat. Any one can see how much I made, and this isn't counting the seed, \$65, or all my hard work.

I was up against it once more. About the first of

August I bought a cow and calf for \$32, promising to pay by the first of November. When I started threshing I bought a wagon for \$50, agreeing to pay \$25 of this by the first of November. We had been as careful as possible, neither one having gotten any clothes to speak of. As I had only used the wagon six or seven days, I thought I could get the dealer to take it back, but as he wanted \$8 for the use of it and finally said he would let me keep it if I paid \$15 at that time, I paid the money.

I then earned \$30 doing road work, which helped us out fine. On the fifteenth of November, when I finally got everything fixed up, I found that I had on hand the magnificent sum of \$28. Besides this we had a cow and calf, about a dozen pigs, 50 chickens and 12 turkeys, an old binder, \$15 interest in a wagon, one old horse, the other having given up the ghost the day before. There were a hundred bushels of potatoes and a little garden truck in the cellar. This winter was passed very much like the winter before. It was very cold and stormy, and on that account, as I was so far from town, I didn't have the same opportunity to earn anything loading grain. I just unloaded coal for Mr. Steel, that was all. As I had learned by experience how hard it was to get a little money when especially in need of it, I had resolved not to part with

my last cent, so along about the first of March I opened an account at the store and held on to my remaining cash. All my friends had advised hiring myself and wife to some bachelor farmer and I would have done this if I could have depended on Jessie being able to do the work, but I knew it wouldn't do, as she would be all right one day and all wrong the next. I knew there was nothing for it but to keep together and by ourselves. I don't suppose there was a day all winter but what we had a chat which ran something like this: Jessie would get in her old seat on my knee and after kissing and hugging awhile would ask me if I wasn't sorry that I ever married her, and would start in and show me how much better off I would have been if I hadn't. Then I would assure her that, poor as we were, I wouldn't change places with Carnegie or Rockefeller. It would then be my turn and I would proceed to try and show her how much better off she would have been if she hadn't married me, but she always considered this absurd and would put her hand over my mouth and stop me. We would then reorganize our mutual admiration society and both declare that as long as we had each other nothing else mattered. Having a plentiful supply of reading matter, the winter passed pleasantly enough. In the spring I made a fresh start. I intended



putting twenty acres in oats, having plowed that much ground the fall before, and plowing and putting in twelve acres of corn, four of potatoes and also have a good sized garden. I only had one horse, but thought I could hire one for a couple of weeks, or as long as it would take me to do this work. I worked a couple of weeks for Mr. Steel and then started out to hunt up a horse. I traveled around for two days without succeeding and then gave it up in disgust. The man from whom I bought the cow had an old horse that he wanted to sell and offered to let me have it a couple of days to try. I took up this offer. The second day, while at work, who should come along but Mr. Gent, the man who had sold me the old horse which had died the fall before. He was leading an old crow-bait of a horse which he offered to sell to me. On looking the beast over I said that I didn't think it would do, as I wanted a horse that I could do road work with, but he answered back that the horse was all right, that he was just as good as the one I had any way, and before he finished said that he would guarantee him to hold out as long as the one I had. On the head of this guarantee I took the horse. I was to pay \$35, giving him five pigs which I valued at \$6 each, and the other \$5 I was to do road work for. I took the other man's horse back. By

giving the old horses their time I managed to get what work I had to do finished, and, having a good pasture, I then turned them out to grass, not intending to use them more than I had to until it was time to do road work. During the winter the occupants of the house across the way had moved and the place was vacant until the first of June, when a man named Henry moved in. This man had a bunch of seven horses. He was horse poor, not doing as much with his whole outfit as I did with one old team. It kept him rustling to buy feed for the horses and family, having a wife and four small children.

What with working in the garden and an occasional day for Mr. Steel, I managed to keep busy, Jessie being out in the field with me most of the time, the same as two years before. Early in the spring a couple about 50 years of age named Sermey had moved on to a place a mile south of us. They were what would be known in the South as poor white trash. All they had was a small dab of furniture and an old horse and buggy. The old lady used to put in most of her time chasing around all over the country, visiting first one and then another. She would strike our place pretty often, Jessie being such a hospitable creature. They had been living in a small town just below Kinrest, where Mr. Sermey had worked on a

railroad. He being laid off, they decided to move out in the country, where they could have a good garden. They planted a good sized garden and Andrew, "Mr. Sermys," worked an odd day in Kinrest. In this way they managed to get along fairly well. Along about the first of June a Norwegian named Guend, who was farming some land east of Kinrest (we were west), concluded to plow and plant some barley on some of the company's land and picked out the place where the Sermys were living. He sent over two four-horse teams and the men driving them camped in the house. Of course this was all right, as the Sermys had just gotten permission to live there so the place wouldn't go to rack. But this man Guend was nothing but an ignorant brute and bully, and knowing the people were poor and helpless did everything he could to bother them. His men drove right over their garden in going and coming from work. As there was a good pasture on the place, Mr. Guend, having quite a bunch of cattle, brought over most of them and turned them in the pasture. The pasture, not being properly fenced, half of the time the cattle were running all over the country. They ran over our oats and corn, damaging them considerably. I saw Mr. Guend and asked him if he intended to let his cattle run loose, intimating that if he couldn't look after them the



pound keeper could. He promised to fix the fence and keep them in, but the next day they were out as usual. Any of my readers, whether of the country or town, who have been blessed with a neighbor of this kind will know how our patience was tried. In fact, Jessie's patience had played out at the outset. She would have given this man Guend a tongue-lashing that he wouldn't have forgotten, before this, if I hadn't made her promise to say nothing unless in self-defense. Jessie had gone into the turkey business on a large scale, having kept over thirteen from the year before, but was having the poorest kind of luck, the wolves having the best end of it. Two years before this, just before threshing, a man came along whom I had known the fall before, and before leaving the house had left a revolver in our care, claiming that he did not want to carry it while threshing. He never came after it, and as we didn't know his address the gun was still in our possession. The gun being in the house, gave Jessie a sense of security when I was away from home.

Although I had mingled with all kinds of people and had traveled all over the wild and woolly West, I had no use for a gun, and had never carried one. Jessie, though, knew how to use one, and took a pot shot at a wolf now and then. At the time Mr. Guend's cattle were on the rampage, I was working in town

for Mr. Steel, and while away Mrs. Sermy used to be up telling Jessie her troubles. One morning Jessie, taking the gun, went to an old straw pile, where she had set a wolf trap. On going to this place she had to cross the road running north and south. While coming back she noticed a rig coming from the south which got opposite to her when she was close to the road. The rig belonged to the man Guend, and he waited for her to come up, and as she was passing by he stopped her. Knowing that I was working in town, he thought it would be nice to bully Jessie a little, and proceeded to tell her that we had no lease on the land and that he intended to let his cattle run loose and that he didn't care whether they spoiled our crop or not. By the time he had said this much Jessie was boiling over and, producing the gun, which had been rolled in her apron, told him that if he let his cattle run over our crop again that she would shoot the first one she caught on the place. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and when he saw the gun, combined with the sparkle in Jessie's eyes, almost fell out of the rig, and before moving on had promised to see that the cattle did not bother us again. Afterwards the miserable cur drove into town and, going to the justice of the peace, tried to get out a warrant for Jessie's arrest, claiming she had threatened to

shoot him. The justice managed to put him off and that night he and Mr. Gent, who was a deputy sheriff, drove up to our place. Mr. Gent came in the house and Jessie told him about the whole transaction. The next day Guend got his warrant, the county attorney was sent for, and in the morning Mr. Gent came up after Jessie. She had not been to town for over two years, and what few good clothes she had when we went South were worn out, and her best dress was a calico and it almost prostrated her when she thought of being arrested and tried in court and being stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harry, but she pulled herself together and faced the ordeal like a soldier.

## CHAPTER X

Right here I shall take the liberty to say that I have never known her to be afraid of anything, as far as herself was concerned. When we got into the court room she was the coolest one there. Having no money to employ a lawyer, I acted in that capacity myself. The county attorney opened the case by reading the indictment, charging Jessie with a long assortment of alsos, furthermores, etc., etc., but it all amounted to this, that she had drawn a gun on Mr. Guend and threatened to shoot him, this same being a felony and punishable by anything from six months to two years in prison. While he was reading this fearful document I could feel all the courage I had oozing out of my finger ends. After reading the indictment he put Mr. Guend on the stand and asked him to tell his story in his own way. This he did, swearing that Jessie had deliberately pointed the gun at him and threatened to shoot. The witness was turned over to me and I asked him if he was sure Jessie had pointed the gun at him, and he answered yes. I then asked Jessie to take the stand and tell her story, which she did.

The prosecuting attorney tried to change her testimony, but couldn't do so. I then took the stand and told them that when I went home the night after the trouble Jessie had told me exactly the same story that she had told in court, and that I would stake my life on its being true. I then brought in three neighbors of this man Guend to show what his reputation for veracity was, and after they had each told of a few of his tricks, I asked them if they thought he was a man that could be believed, and they each said they wouldn't believe him under oath. I then addressed the justice, there being no jury, telling him just how this man had been acting. The prosecuting attorney then got up and said he didn't consider that the state had any case against Mrs. Clarence, my wife, and in his opinion the indictment should be quashed. The justice then declared the case closed and Jessie free, also taking the opportunity of giving Mr. Guend a piece of his mind and warning him against letting his cattle molest us in any way.

Thus ended this bit of high tragedy, which was certainly exciting while it lasted. You can be sure that Jessie and I had a love feast when we got home. Of course we didn't expect to be carried off to prison, but still there was the possibility of some kind of punishment, and I certainly valued Jessie higher than ever when I thought how near I was to losing her.

We had no further trouble with Mr. Guend and jogged along in the same old way until the first of July, when I started at the road work once more. The only part of my crop that was doing anything was the corn, the potatoes being mighty "thick apart." On investigating I found that cut worms had eaten the eyes of the larger share of the seed. The garden didn't amount to anything on account of the land being too poor and the season being so dry. The oats were poor from the latter cause. In doing road work I figured on giving the old team all the best of it, and this is what I did for a week. The gravel pit was about forty rods from our house. I would roll out at 4 in the morning, get the horses ready and have breakfast eaten in time to get started at 5:30; then go to the pit, load up, go to town, unload and then haul dirt from 7 until 6. For this I received the magnificent sum of \$4.35. I might say the dirt hauling was a snap for the horses, they only being in motion about one-quarter of the time, and half of that time were hauling the empty wagon. I got along all right at this, but the next week there was nothing to do but haul gravel, and one day of this played out the horse I bought of Mr. Gent. I was certainly up against it, as Mr. Gent, being the local agent for the company's land, could probably have compelled me to move if I had

kicked up a commotion. So I just took my medicine and said nothing. This will seem cowardly to the majority of people, but I think if many of my readers had gone through the trouble we had they would in all probability have done the same thing. As I had a lot of road work to do, I looked around for another horse, and the man across the way, Mr. Henry, offered to sell one for \$40 and would take \$25 of the pay in road work that he had agreed to do. I forthwith closed with this deal, and went right after road work in earnest, doing \$152 worth altogether before I finished.

Of course I didn't get money for all of this, as I owed a couple of store bills. Shortly after this I took my team and went to work on a threshing outfit, but it was a poor year and I only worked 20 days, realizing \$100, and there was so much wet weather that I put in about six weeks in order to work this short time.

While at home, during one of the bad spells of weather, the head agent for the land company, accompanied by the Kinrest druggist, drove up to the house and informed me that we would have to vacate by the first of November. This was about October 10. Before harvest I had partly agreed to run a farm the following year for a man who contemplated taking a year's rest, figuring on traveling through the West. There was also another man who had spoken to me

about taking care of his stock during the winter. Being pretty sure of either of these jobs, I didn't let the having to move worry me much, more especially as the man moving in was a bachelor and there was lots of room in the house and barn for both of us. While the company man was there he also spoke about having some plowing done and asked me if I could do any. I told him that I thought I could do some when I got through threshing. He then told me that he wanted as much plowed as he could possibly have done.

I finished threshing at noon on the twenty-seventh of October and that afternoon on my way home saw both of the men who wanted to hire me, and they each had the same story. The crop had turned out so poor they would have to change their plans. The next morning I started plowing, meaning to stay with it until the ground froze up. I worked ten days and after the second day I was in torture all the time. I twisted my ankle some way, and every step I took I thought it would be my last. Jessie begged and pleaded with me to quit, but on the head of what I expected to be able to plow, I had promised to pay off all I owed, and I was just able to do this before I started plowing, and what I got for plowing would be "velvet" clear. As before stated, Jessie pleaded with me to stop, even



begged me to let her plow, but this I couldn't do, not only because I didn't care to have her at it, but as the ground was covered with a heavy growth of weeds, she couldn't have held the plow in the ground. One day, noticing what a terrible hardship it was for me to work, she gave utterance to these words: "I just know when you are nearly killing yourself doing this work, something will happen; you won't get your pay, or something as bad." On the morning of the tenth day who should drive up but Mr. Road, the druggist, who had been appointed local agent instead of Mr. Gent. He jumped right onto me about the plowing, saying that the land I was plowing was sold and that the company didn't want any more plowing done. After he had quieted down a little I reminded him about my being told that they wanted as much plowed as they could get done. He then said he would try and have me compensated for what I had done. I finished the day squaring up the land and then quit. I certainly felt sore, especially when I thought of the punishment I had endured from my sore ankle.

I was up against it good and hard. My debts were all paid, with the exception of what I owed the Naylor's. This was one consolation, but when I took stock I found I had just \$1.80 to face the winter on. Jessie had thirteen turkeys in the spring; now there were twenty-six.

When I left to go threshing a neighbor had promised faithfully to come and cut my corn before the twentieth of September. I had twelve acres of splendid corn, which I had taken great pride in, and had put in a good many hard days working it. I came home on the twenty-fifth; the two nights before there were very heavy frosts, and found my beautiful corn standing in the field frozen and utterly worthless. And, mind you, when I got after the neighbor about this all the satisfaction I got was that he was very busy and couldn't come.

I had given Mr. Henry the old binder for cutting the twenty acres of oats, and on leaving to thresh had gotten the promise of another neighbor that whenever he had his own grain threshed he would have mine threshed at the same time. He also kept his word like the man who was going to cut the corn, and it wasn't his fault that I had the oats threshed at all. I managed to be lucky enough to get another machine to do it. The week before Thanksgiving I did \$25 worth of work hauling gravel for the city, and this was my bank account for the winter. I also had to move somewhere, as the man who had leased the place had determined to get us out before winter. Finally I secured a place three miles from town, on the river, and we moved on the fourth of December, Mr. Henry help-

ing us to do so. This place belonged to a local elevator man and was a very pretty place, it being partly surrounded by a grove. Jessie sold most of her turkeys and I unloaded coal and unloaded cars of grain enough to get through the winter.

We put in a fairly good time, especially as we got acquainted with our new neighbors. One family in particular were the finest people we had met since coming to Kinrest. The name was Roy, and Mr. Roy and I got to be pretty good chums, while Jessie congregated with the girls, who ranged from 13 to 17 years of age. The next spring I planned to do as little speculative work as possible, putting in a good garden though and a couple of acres of potatoes, also five acres of corn. I did odd jobs with my team and took care of the garden until the first of July, when it was time to do road work. Jessie kept fairly well and was out with me nearly every day while I worked at home. When I started to do road work I loaded up with provisions and horse feed and went into town and camped at Mr. Evade's place until Saturday night, sleeping in the barn and eating cold grub. This I did for about a month, earning about \$120, which was very acceptable at this time. We also had sold quite a bit of garden stuff. After this I shocked grain for the man on whose place we lived, earning about \$60

at this, and then put in a good threshing season, earning \$165, and on the first of November I owed nobody but the Naylor and had \$150 in the bank, which seemed like riches to us.

We had put in a very pleasant summer, as the Roy girls thought there was nobody like Jessie and there was one or the other with her all the time I was away. Jessie had occupied her spare time in papering and painting the inside of the house, the owner furnishing materials. Jessie was getting very fond of our new home, as she especially liked the woods and the river. Early in the summer I bought a young cow of Mr. Roy and the middle of November bought another at an auction sale, this making four we then had. We had lots of garden stuff and Jessie had put up a great quantity of pickled stuff, which I sold from time to time during the winter. We also disposed of quite a lot of butter and I unloaded coal as usual. This was our best winter, as we had such splendid neighbors, and it looked like as if we were getting ahead a little. I know Jessie said more than once that she would be perfectly contented to stay where we were as long as she lived, but this was too good to be true.

About the first of March, after we had made all our plans for the following season, without any warning, we got notice to vacate by the first of April, as the

man who owned the land had sold his town property and intended to move out on the farm. This broke Jessie all up in business. It grieved her so that she was shortly sick abed, and there she stayed until we had to move. We moved about two miles away, still being three miles from town. Jessie was almost heart-broken on leaving the other place and begged me to get rid of what little we had and go back to Chicago, and this I agreed to do, only postponing our departure until fall, as I wanted to have a little more ahead before going back to the city. I then got a job with a dray man in the town and went back and forth three miles to and from work, generally walking. This I kept up until the tenth of June, when I suddenly concluded to go out in the western part of the state and try and find a homestead. I looked at it this way: I had a right to use, and if I never used it would never get anything out of it, and if I took up a homestead, at the end of fourteen months if I didn't want to live on it any longer I could get my deed for a nominal sum and we would then have something to fall back on at a pinch. On talking it over with Jessie, she agreed, and on the thirteenth I started for the West, arriving back on the twenty-seventh, having found a good homestead.

I think this is as good a time as any to bring my

story to a close, as we were fairly prosperous and the prospects looked bright. I have covered over five years of married life, and I do not think any one will say that we did not have hard enough times, as far as the lack of money was concerned, but through all these hardships we still were fairly happy, as whatever else we lacked we had each other. And that is what I have been trying to impress on the minds of any who may peruse this narrative. Marriage is not a failure as long as the man and woman love each other as they should.

## CHAPTER XI

In conclusion I shall take the liberty of handing out some parting advice, and this is more especially for the unmarried. In the first place, what is the reason there are so many unhappy marriages? There are dozens of reasons. Here is one. A young fellow meets a girl at a gathering of some kind, admires her pretty face or pleasant manner, probably escorts her home, gets an invitation to call and does so. He always goes dressed in his best and is on his very best behavior. The girl is of course the same. He may keep going for weeks or months. Finally they become engaged, and may ultimately marry, and yet, as far as the knowledge they may have of each other, be the same as strangers. Nine times out of ten it is a mutual game of deceit. They each pose as faultless. Within two weeks after marriage, when they begin to find out that their idol is only clay after all, then there is trouble. They each think they have been deceived, and their faith in each other is shaken, and in the majority of cases, even if they live together for fifty years, will never think as much of each other

as on the wedding day. And right here is where they are both wrong. Even at this time if they would sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk they could insure their future happiness. If they would make a clean breast of their faults and failings, and then agree to bear and forbear, and also pledge themselves to tell each other the truth under all circumstances, I don't think there would be any occasion for them to seek a divorce.

How much better it would be for those interested if at the time of their engagement they would each give a history of their lives and then delineate their characters as they really were, and, as true marriage makes two people one, agree to be as one as near as it is possible to be. If they follow this advice when they are married there will be no shattering of idols. Knowing each other's faults and failings, they will be careful not to offend. Of course, this only applies to young people of good moral character. No good woman really and truly loves a drunkard or a gambler. This is a strong statement to make and I have no doubt there are a good many who will take exception to this, but nevertheless, dear reader, I think on investigation you will find that I am right. The most of us know of plenty of cases, and generally the woman sticks to the man through thick and thin, but does she really love him?



Do any of my fair readers really believe that a good woman can truly love a man whom she cannot respect? She may stand by him, because of her children, or because she knows he has no other friend, but I will guarantee that no true Christian woman can truly say that she loves her husband as she should if he is a drunkard. Do not marry a man to reform him. This is a very old saying, but it can be used today just as well as fifty years ago, because young women are continually doing this same thing. If you would only stop to think of it, if the man does not think enough of you before marriage to reform, he never will afterwards. Probably some girls will say that the majority of young men drink and that their chances would be mighty slim if they all lived up to this rule. I have no doubt but what all unmarried ladies will say that they would prefer to marry a temperance man, but as there are not enough to go around and they don't care to be old maids, they take chances of reforming the men, as thousands have done before them.

Why is it that the majority of women don't drink and carouse the same as men? Is it because they are so much better? Not altogether. The main reason is because the men demand that they shall be good and pure. Is there any reason why the women should not demand that the men whom they marry be the

same? None whatever. Some will say, this sounds all right in theory, but is it practicable, and, if so, how can it be put into practice? Here is an illustration of one way, which I think would be practical in a small town, and I have no doubt in a city as well. Let a few young women get together and draw up a pledge that they will not knowingly go with or receive attentions from young men who drink, then get out and get all the signers they can for this pledge. Also be sure and see that the young men of the town hear of it, and if the girls will hang together for one month they will find that more good, as far as temperance is concerned, has been accomplished, than a barrel of sermons or lectures could have done. And the men themselves will value the girls twice as highly as they did before. Young ladies, try this and see how it will work. I think you will be agreeably surprised at the result.

Now, for a little further information for the couples who have married under the conditions I have outlined. They know each other's faults and failings as well as good qualities. They love each other devotedly and their whole desire is to make each other happy. They are supremely happy at this time, but are a little afraid that it cannot last. They have probably both known lots of young married couples who appeared just as happy as themselves when first mar-

ried, but it only lasted a short time. In their case they want the honeymoon to continue indefinitely, but how are they going to accomplish it? The answer is very simple. By just thinking of the other first and always, never mind yourself. The two are one. The Good Book says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and I know from my own experience that this is true. Of course, you may do something sometimes for people who do not appear to have any sense of gratitude or who think you are soft, and will take advantage of your kindness, but this does not apply to your other half.

They say that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and I wouldn't wonder but what there was a good deal of truth in this. Not long ago I read of a prize being given for the best answer to the question, "What is the best way for a wife to hold her husband's affections?" An old maid of fifty won the prize. Her answer was, "Feed the brute." So it will be up to my model young wife to learn to cook, if she doesn't already know how. The husband, knowing that she is doing her best, if the meat is burned or the biscuits heavy, will know that she is feeling bad enough without his getting cranky and acting the beast. Instead, he should be twice as kind and loving, and you may be sure that he will have his reward. After he has departed, when the wife thinks what a

good, kind husband she has, you may be sure that the next meal will be fit for a king, or she will die trying.

There is one point in particular to which I want to draw the attention of the newly married man. Do not forget to tell your wife how much you love her. It will not hurt you or her either if you tell her fifty times a day. Don't let her have to take it for granted. Before you were married, during the engagement, you never got tired while with her of remarking on how fine she looked, etc., etc. She liked it then and you can be doubly sure she will like it after marriage. My model young married man will be found at home when his day's work is done or if he goes out his wife will be with him. They are one, and he will go nowhere, unless he belongs to a secret society, without the wife accompanies him. A word to my model young wife. As you want as much of your husband's society as you can possibly have, you will do everything that you can in order to make his home pleasant. The women themselves are to blame in many cases for their husbands leaving the house after supper. More men would stay at home if home was made more attractive to them. But if she starts at him as soon as he gets into the house, either finding fault or telling about her scraps with the neighbors, she needn't be surprised if her man leaves the house as

soon as supper is over. There are hundreds of little trials and troubles in the lives of all that are sometimes harder to put up with than the large ones, but if they each keep thinking of the other they will get through all right. Another thing most people are chary of is praise. A man will praise his neighbor's wife's good looks, or way of dressing, or cooking, but will never praise his wife in any way. We none of us are so old that we do not like a little praise of some kind once and awhile. My young married man, I am going to tell you a secret. Of course, the ladies are not supposed to read this. The next time you come home to supper, if you haven't done it before, start in by telling your wife how good the supper is, how much better it is eating at home than anywhere else. You also might remark how good looking she is and how much you think of her, how glad you are that you didn't marry some other girl that you used to go with, etc., etc. Do not be afraid of laying it on too thick. She may make believe that she thinks you are making fun of her, but will believe what you say just the same, and you may be sure that it will be chalked up to your credit. I am writing from my own experience. I used to practice this and I know how it worked.

Suppose a man is in business of some kind. He has all kinds of worries and vexations at his place of

business, but he keeps his temper and keeps right on smiling and looking pleasant, but as soon as he starts for home he throws off the mask. He only expects to meet his wife and family and it doesn't matter how he behaves to them. He will come in like a bear and complain and find fault until bed time. Is this right? I don't think any one will say it is. The very ones he should be the kindest to, receive nothing but abuse. I have been an inmate for more or less time of a good many homes, and in the majority of them the best side of the character was shown to people outside of the home. This should not be. Dear reader, just take yourself to task and see if there is not room for improvement in the way you treat your home people.

I want to emphasize what I have stated before. There can be no true happiness in married life unless there is absolute confidence. The man and wife should be one in all particulars. The wife should know just what the income is, in order to know how to figure on the household expenses. If she is a true, good woman, she will try to make the money go as far as possible.

My advice to the man would be, if you are working on a salary, just hand the money to your wife and let her do the figuring. Nine times out of ten you will be ahead on the proposition.

I might go on indefinitely, telling what to do under different conditions.

I may say this much for those who are unhappily married: Just take an inventory of your faults and failings, not your partner's, and cut some of them out. Praise when you want to find fault, and I am pretty sure good results will follow.

Now I am sure I have written enough, what with my own story and the advice given, to demonstrate "How to Be Happy Though Married."

Many who read this will say that they have difficulties and trials which are different from anything I have written of. All I can say is that if you carefully read over what I have written I think you will find an answer to most of the problems of married life.

In sending this little story out among the people my only wish is that it may help some to be more contented with their lot, however situated, and live a happier life. I have absolute faith in its doing so if the reader thoroughly assimilates and then goes and does likewise.

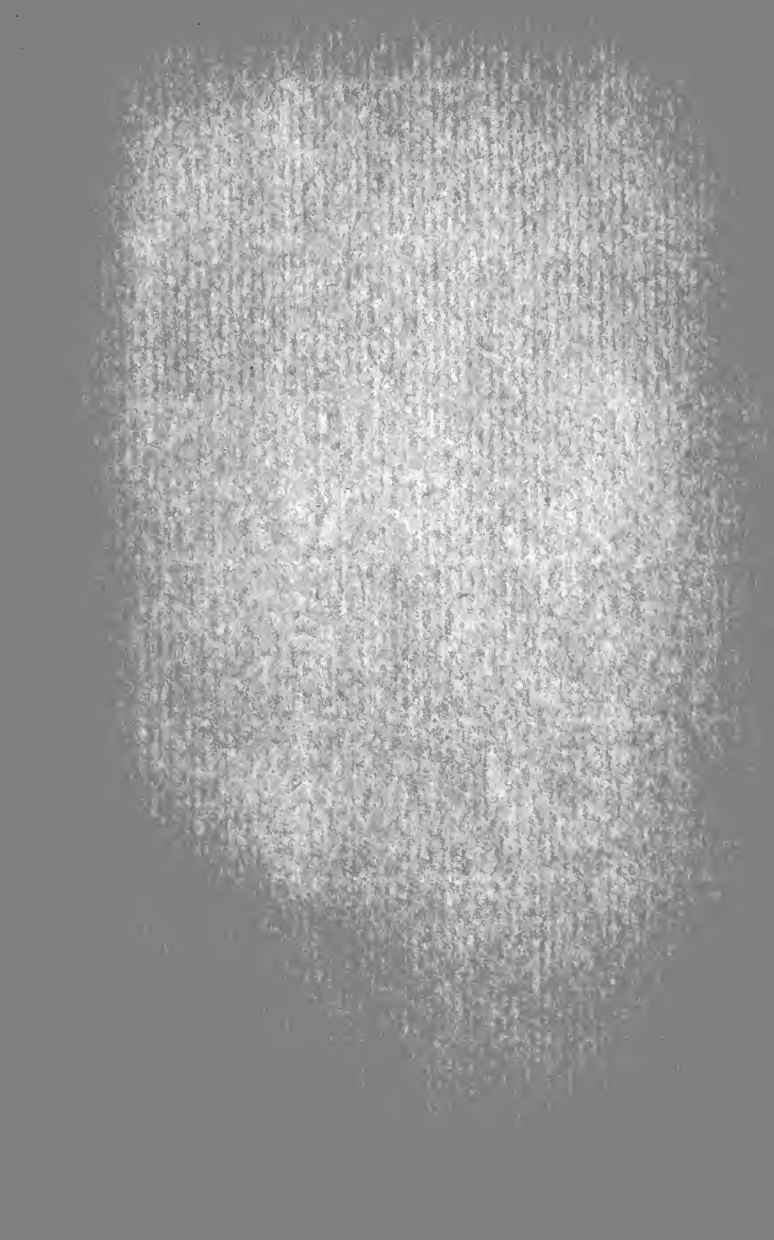
It would give me much pleasure to hear from any who may be helped by the perusal of this narrative.

I bid farewell to my readers and wish you all a joyful and happy life, though married.

FINIS.



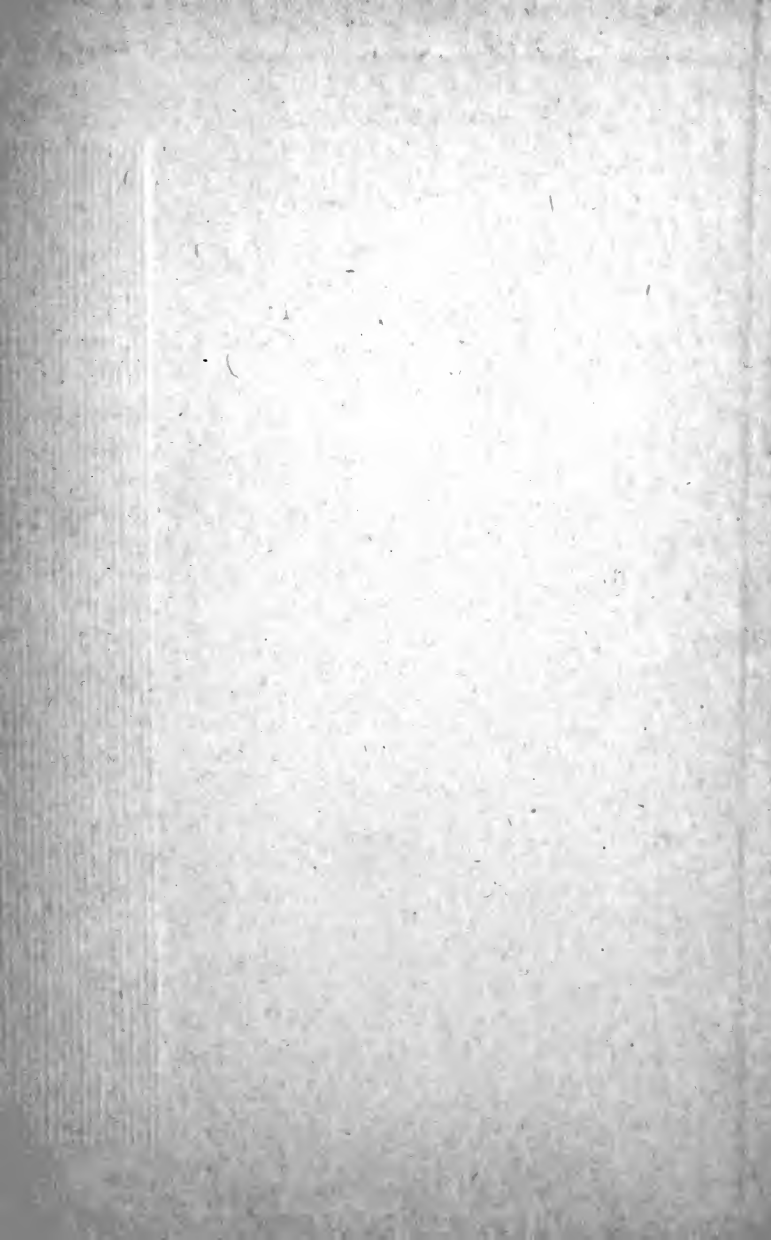








MAR 22 1909



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 785 192 5